

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## "LOVEST THOU ME?"

How lightly some can speak of love,  
And call the Saviour dear,  
Who seldom lift their hearts above,  
Or throb with holy fear.

They say they glory in the Cross,  
Yet none themselves they bear;  
They think, while free from pain and loss,  
The martyr's crown to wear.

But love is just the hardest thing  
A man can learn to do;  
And that of which ten thousands sing  
Is understood by few.

It is not but a passing thrill,  
A ray of winter's sun;  
It is a heart, and mind, and will  
By which our life is done.

It yields, if God should ask for much,  
Nay, if He asks for all;  
It welcomes e'en His chastening touch,  
And hears His lightest call.

If truly we would learn to live,  
To love we must begin;  
Yet who can force himself to give  
What only grace can win?

My Saviour, if I dare not say  
That I have love to Thee,  
Do Thou, I pray Thee, day by day,  
Reveal Thy love to me.

And this shall be my rapture, when  
Before Thy face I bow:  
I only wished to love Thee then,  
I know I love Thee now.

A. W. THOROLD.

— Sunday Magazine.

TO H. W. L.,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song,  
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds  
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he  
wrong

The new-moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
To murmur a God bless you! and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years  
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,  
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen  
tears, —

But hush! this is not for profaner ears;  
Let them drink molten pearls, nor dream the  
cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core  
As nought but nightshade grew upon earth's  
ground;

Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more  
Fate tried his bastions, she but found a door  
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade  
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with  
sun,

So through his trial faith translucent shone  
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed  
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'er-run.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay  
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,  
He shall not go, although his presence may,  
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his and each as lusty-sweet  
As gracious natures find his song to be,  
May age steal on with softly-cadenced feet  
Falling in music, as for him were meet  
Whose choicest verse is not so rare as he!

J. R. L.

—Daily Advertiser.

## A PERSIAN FABLE.

A PERSIAN fable says, — One day  
A wand'rer found a lump of clay  
So redolent of sweet perfume,  
Its odour scented all his room.

"What art thou?" was his quick demand,  
"Art thou some gum from Samarcand?  
Or spikenard in a rude disguise?  
Or other costly merchandise?"

"Nay, I am but a lump of clay."

"Then whence this wondrous sweetness?  
Say!"

"Friend, if the secret I disclose,  
I have been dwelling with the rose."  
Meet parable! For will not those  
Who love to dwell with Sharon's Rose,  
Distil sweet scents o'er all around,  
Tho' poor and mean themselves be found?  
Good Lord, abide with us, that we  
May catch these odours fresh from Thee!

R. B. H.

— Christian Observer.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Early English Alliterative Poems* (about 1320-30 A.D.). Edited by R. MORRIS, Esq., from a unique Cottonian MS. 1864.
2. *Arthur* (about 1440 A.D.). Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., from the Marquis of Bath's unique MS. 1864.
3. *W. Lauder's Tractate Concernyng ye Office and Dewtie of Kyngis, etc.* (1566 A.D.) Edited by F. HALL, Esq., D.C.L. 1864.
4. *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* (about 1320-30 A.D.). Edited by R. MORRIS, Esq., from a unique Cottonian MS. 1864.
5. *Of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, a treatise noe shorter then necessarie, be ALEXANDER HUME.* Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the British Museum (about 1617 A.D.), by HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq. 1865.
6. *Lancelot of the Laik.* Edited from the unique MS. in the Cambridge University Library (about 1500), by the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A. 1865.
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10. *Merlin, or the Early History of Arthur.* Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Cambridge University Library (about 1450 A.D.), by HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq. Part I., 1865.
11. *Lyndesay's Monarchie.* Edited from the first edition by JHONE SKOTT, in 1552, by FITZEDWARD HALL, Esq., D.C.L. Part I. 1865.
12. *The Wright's Chaste Wife, a Merry Tale,* by ADAM of COBSAM (about 1462 A.D.), from the unique Lambeth MS. 306. Edited for the first time by E. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A. 1865.
13. *Seinte Mayherete, ye Meiden ant Martyr.* Three Texts of about A.D. 1200, 1310, 1330. First edited in 1862, by the Rev. OSWALD COCKAYNE, M.A., and now re-issued. 1866.
14. *The Romance of Kyng Horn, Floris and Blancheflour, and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.* Edited from the MS. in the Library of the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. J. RAWSON LUMBY, M.A. 1866.
15. *Political, Religious, and Love Poems,* from the Lambeth MS., No 306, and other MSS. Edited by F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A. 1866.
16. *A Tretice in Englisch brevely drawe out of ye book of Quintis essencijs in Latyn, yat Hermys ye prophete and king of Egipt, after ye flood of Noe, fader of Philosophis, hadde by reuelacioun of an augul of God to him sente.* Edited from the Sloane MS. 73, by F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A. 1866.
17. *Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers Plowman, with comments, and a Proposal for the Society's Three-text edition of the Poem.* By the Rev. W. W. SKEAT, M.A. 1866.
18. *Hali Meidenhad,* about 1200 A.D. Edited for the first time from the MS. (with a translation), by the Rev. OSWALD COCKAYNE, M.A. 1866.
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20. *English Prose Treatises of Richard Rolle de Hampole* (who died A.D. 1349). Edited from Robert Thornton's MS. (cir. 1440 A.D.) By GEORGE G. PERRY, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington; editor of 'Morte Arthure.' 1866.
21. *Merlin, or the Early History of Arthur.* Part II. 1866.

A HUNDRED years ago the Rev. Thomas Percy, who had not then sung himself into a stall, qualified for petty martyrdom by publishing his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' They had not been out a month when Bishop Warburton wrote to

Hurd, who in the same year became also a Bishop, 'It is as you say of Percy's Ballads. Antiquarianism is, indeed, to true letters what specious funguses are to the oak, which never shoot out and flourish till all the vigour and virtue of the grove be effete and nearly exhausted.' If that was truly said in 1765 of Percy's 'Reliques,' what may be thought in 1867 of the unmitigated antiquarianism displayed in the publications of our newly constituted Early English Text Society, and of the proposal recently made by that Society to print for our benefit the celebrated Ballad Manuscript, the mine from which Percy drew his stores?

For Percy was but a half-hearted antiquary. His object, he said, was 'to please both the judicious antiquary and the reader of taste; and he hath endeavored to gratify both without offending either.' To satisfy what he called his 'polished age,' Percy made old poems presentable according to the mode of the eighteenth century; sometimes by such liberal use of the patchbox that where, as he says of the old ballad of 'Sir Cauline,' the whole appeared far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, the editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.' To the Early English Text Society such editing seems fit neither to please the judicious antiquary nor the reader of taste in this present century. As Percy had said that the greater part of his 'Reliques' were extracted from an ancient folio manuscript in his possession, which contained nearly two hundred poems, songs, and metrical romances, the desire has been great to rub off the Bishop's polish, disregard his arbitrary selection, and print, for those who can more thoroughly appreciate our early literature, an exact and complete copy of the manuscript itself. Leave to borrow it for six months, during which a copy of it is to be made for publication, has now therefore been bought of the Bishop's descendants for a hundred and fifty pounds, and a proposal for its publication has been issued. The MS. contains 196 pieces (some fragments) in a handwriting of the reign of James I. or Charles I. When printed it will form two volumes of about 1,400 pages. Mr. F. J. Furnivall will be responsible for the exactness of the text; the introductions to and collations of the ballads and romances will be by Professor Child, of Harvard, and by Mr. J. W. Hales, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. But as this important publication cannot be included in the ordi-

nary series of volumes issued by this Society, large paper copies at a higher price will be issued to subscribers who may desire to contribute to this monument of our early literature. Thus Bishop Percy's work is being done over again, as he had neither will nor power to do it in the day when even his imperfect regard for our old literature seemed to Warburton as fungus on the oak — sign of decay.

But Warburton was wrong. Even the feeble movement made by Percy at the right time in the right direction constituted him a power. That bathing in the springs of our own literature which seemed weakening to men trained by critics who allowed no English Abana and Pharpar to be better than their own waters of Israel, really helped to revive the strength of letters in this country. To Percy, who was somewhat weak although not wholly without genius, it gave a strong man's influence. Its parallel was not the fungus upon the decaying tree, but fit nourishment to its roots and quickened flow of sap into its branches. Scott remembered the spot where he read Percy's 'Reliques,' for the first time, and believed that he read no other book 'half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm.' Wordsworth thought they had redeemed our poetry, and said, in 1815, 'I do not think there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the "Reliques." I know that it is so with my friends; and for myself I am happy on this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.'

We have cited at the head of this article a list of Early English books, edited with a minute regard for accuracy not dreamt of in the antiquarianism of Percy, and which would have pleased Ritson as much as he was angered by Percy's compromises between allegiance to his own century and fidelity to his old texts. For even Ritson, the most accurate student of old English literature in the eighteenth century, who pursued Percy for his bad conscience in literature like one of the Eumenides, and who visited Thomas Warton also for the many sins committed in his "History of English Poetry," even Ritson as an editor of old literature was only strong among the weak. Indeed the latest editor of our Early Popular Poetry,\* Mr. W. Carew

\* 'Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England; collected and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. Carew Hazlitt of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. In 4 vols. J. R. Smith; 1834-6.' This is by far the fullest and most accurate collection of its kind that has been made in England.



Hazlitt, does not think it too much to say, after comparing Ritson's 'Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry,' published in 1791, and his 'Ancient English Metrical Romances,' published in 1803, with the texts he used, not only that Ritson's reputation for extreme accuracy was earned when any degree of accuracy was rare, but that, 'if any one should presume, at the present day, to produce texts as abounding in blunders as those of the antiquary in question, he would be an object of ridicule and contempt to all competent judges of the manner in which early English literature should be edited.' The truth is expressed too strongly, but it is true that such a standard of accuracy as we find recognized, for example, in these publications of the Early English Text Society is of recent adoption. Our editors of old English are many times more antiquarian than Percy was, in the respect they show for the minutest of old forms. But they are none the nearer to being what Warburton would have us think them. The vigorous old tree of English literature will thrive only the more vigorously for their digging of the soil about its roots. It is honourable to English letters, that so many men should be found amongst us competent to perform the duties they have assumed and zealous to discharge them. Their labour cannot be rewarded by profit or by conspicuous fame; but we shall presently show that they deserve all the credit that attaches to well-directed industry and a patriotic devotion to the language and literature of their country; and we hope the public will do its duty by them, by subscribing largely to the very cheap and curious series of their publications.

Percy's 'Reliques' made one step towards a recognition of the truth that *nationality* should characterise in form and substance the expression of the mind of any country. We had been misled, in the brilliant day of French literature, when France was strong under Louis XIV. and England weak under the Stuarts. Had the servile crowd of imitators in England and Germany rightly digested their just admiration of the men of genius who were then, and still remain, the glory of French literature, they would not have followed their teaching with a literal obedience that was in flat contradiction to its spirit. The French strengthened their language by looking back to its main source, when they made conformity with Latin, in structure and vocabulary, a test of its purity. Had we followed their example we should have looked back to the main source of our language also, which is Teutonic, and should

have become as diligent for Saxon English as our neighbours were for Latin French. As it was, obeying the rule of the intellect then dominant with a blind literalness, we blundered into alien formalities, and it became usual to call homely English 'low.'

We now know better, but the better knowledge is not of old standing. Reproduction of our early literature, with more or less fidelity to the old texts, was one of the first signs of the coming change, and the ridicule that Percy's 'Reliques' first encountered came from men who were not yet fairly escaped from the traditions of French critical rule. But they were escaping. Johnson's strong sense carried him steadily forward, and if, in 1765, he laughed at the simplicity of an old English Ballad, he some years afterwards condemned his own 'Rambler' as 'too wordy,' and of a writer formed on his own earlier manner — which is very distinct from that which he had matured when, between 1777 and 1781, he was writing the 'Lives of the Poets,' — he said, 'if the style of Robertson be too wordy, he owes it to me — that is, having too many words, and those too big ones.'

It would be a long labour, and one beside our purpose, to trace all the causes and effects of that wholesome revolution in the critical taste of England and Germany which had for one of its first aids the renewal of attention to the old national literatures. Fielding and Goldsmith ridiculed the host of the small critics who, judging by French law, decreed their writing 'low' when dealt with common incidents and common interests of life. But the small critics and small writers, with their infinitely small and tedious respectabilities, were the majority. In England, too, there had been restraint enough to give much impetus to the complete reaction when it came. The German ball in its recoil struck ours and set it rolling. Weary of what they called *la mode* age, a strong band of the best German writers had gone back to the sources of their language, dug up the ancient treasures of their literature, revived the old national forms, and tramping on all canons of French criticism, poured themselves out in simple ballads, or ventured in plays and novels into fresh and independent exploration of the mysteries of individual and social life.

In one of his Prefaces of 1830, Scott traces the interest of 'the literary persons of Edinburgh' in German literature to a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in April 1788 by Mackenzie, the author of 'The Man of Feeling.' And what was it

that fixed the attention of the literary persons of Edinburgh upon German literature so strongly as to band them into a class, of which Scott himself was one member, under a German doctor with an incommunicable enthusiasm, for Gemner's 'Death of Abel'?

'Those (says Scott) who were from their youth accustomed to admire Shakespeare and Milton, became acquainted for the first time with a race of poets who had the same lofty ambition to spurn the flaming boundaries of the universe, and investigate the realms of Chaos and Old Night; and of dramatists, who, disclaiming the pendency of the Unities, sought, at the expense of occasional improbabilities and extravagance, to present life on the stage in its scenes of wildest contrast, and in all its boundless variety of character. . . . Their fictitious narratives, their ballad poetry, and other branches of their literature, which are particularly apt to bear the stamp of the extravagant and the supernatural, began also to occupy the attention of the British literati.'

This new desire to 'spurn the flaming boundaries of the 'universe,' and pay a visit to the 'realms of Chaos,' belonged to the wild pleasure of escape from a long penance of unnatural restraint. Enough of ordering. Now for a plunge into Chaos! So in their metre Scott, Byron, Southey, and others revelled in defiance of every French critical law, and the dash of their irregular verse had a charm of its own for readers weary of the confined round of formalities in rhyme and of the emptiness of artificial dignity. Southey expressed this temper of his time in the lines from George Wither which he took as motto for his 'Curse of Kehama':—

'Pedants shall not tie my strains  
To our antique poets' veins;  
Being born as free as these,  
I will sing as I shall please.'

Schiller, in utter defiance of dead social conventionalities, had made an outlaw his first hero. The same prevalent instinct of rebellion against a despotism of innumerable petty laws, caused Byron to sing of corsairs, and his newly emancipated readers to take heartily and naturally their own ill-regulated pleasure in the change of fare.

Of all these changes a revived study of the early literature of England and Germany—a return of each nation to the springs of its own natural life—was one of the first signs.

This may be well shown by a glance at the work of Johann Jacob Bodmer, of Zurich, the free Swiss who first sounded for

literary Germany the note of freedom, and led German writers to their war of independence. He was eleven years older than Samuel Johnson, but lived, working to the last, until within a few months of the end of Johnson's life; Bodmer dying in 1783, Johnson in 1784. Bodmer had been well trained in classical study, and had fastened especially on Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' the Latin book which of all others had most attraction for our early writers, and out of which story after story was poured through the verse of Chaucer and Gower. All but one of the tales in Chaucer's 'Legend of Good Women' are from the 'Metamorphoses' and the 'Epistles' of Ovid, and so are eight-and-twenty of the tales in the 'Confessio Amantis.' Bodmer, with a distinct purpose of endeavouring to purify and nationalise the German taste, established at Zurich with his friend Breitinger a journal on the model of Addison's 'Spectator,' and by that and by other critical writings, great and small, not only earned the name of the Reformer of the German Language, but after a ten years' fight deposed the critical dictator Gottsched, who ruled German letters by French law, from his throne at Leipzig. In 1744 seceders from Gottsched joined in establishing and supporting the 'Bremische Beiträge,' and Bodmer numbered the most promising young men in Germany among his allies and supporters. He defended Milton's English epic against Gottsched's French-classical condemnation, in a book justifying Milton's choice of subject and the details of his plan. To this book he appended a translation of Addison's twelve essays from the 'Spectator' on the twelve books of *Paradise Lost*. A long life of persistent earnest labour in the direction towards which the new thought of his day tended, gave Bodmer great influence over the literature of his time. Eight years before Percy's 'Reliques' were published in England, Bodmer had gone back to early German literature, and published, with a glossary and critical remarks, the text of Fables from the Suabian period; following that up at once with a main part of the old German saga of the 'Nibelungenlied' and its sequel the 'Klage.' In his old age he was translating early English ballads. How thoroughly he had then worked himself into the spirit that befits an editor of early texts is to be seen in a letter of his, written in the last year of his life, to Oberlin at Strasburg. The old man of eighty-five expresses reverence for a friend who had got him a valuable codex from the Royal Library, and MSS. of Cuonzen's 'Troja'

and 'Freygedank' from the *Johanniterhaus*. Of 'Freygedank,' he says, Breitingner had made him a clean copy, and he was busy on a transcript of the MS. of 'Priamus : '—

'One of my wishes also is that Von Gravenberg's "Wigoleis" should get into print. A conventual of the Abbey of Einsiedeln has very lately dug up ten pages in quarte on parchments which have served for covers of missal and choir books. I see from these fragments that there are developements in this poem of which many of our clever men would have no reason to be ashamed. I have received Veldeck's "Æneas" from the Ducal Library of Gotha, and have made free extracts from it. . . . I cannot forbear communicating to you my delight at having the parchment codex of the Magliabecchi Library upon my desk—the Grand Duke has had the kindness to entrust it to me. It contains the two great and praised romances, the "Tristan" of Gottfried von Strasburg, and "Laudine" by Hartman von der Aue. If we could bring out Cuonrad of Würzburg's romance of "Troja" we should have rescued the best.'

The most enthusiastic and the youngest of the editors who have laboured to produce for us our lengthening row of Early English texts cannot be fresher and more eager for his work than this old man of eighty-five was, with the hand of death upon his shoulder.

So began the new study of old literature, in Germany as in England, about a hundred years ago, with the strengthening sense of nationality that caused Teutonic races to revolt from Latin law. Even France, whose critic rule exercised over her own literature none of the blind tyranny that was inseparable from its servile acceptance among nations of another race, even France began at the same time to fasten with new relish upon the works of her most ancient poets. The vivid life of the twelfth century had poured itself out in King Arthur Romances, in the Nibelungenlied, in the Romance of the Cid Campeador, all bred in the days when Henry II. was in England maintaining independence of the civil power against priestly appetite for rule, and when elsewhere the active spirit of freedom had bred a new energy of thought. Upon such literature the revived sense of nationality fastened in Germany with an especial energy. The Nibelungenlied, worked upon at once, as we have said, by Bodmer, has had an army of interpreters, notable among whom are W. Grimm, Gervinus, and Karl Lachmann. It has been translated also

into modern German by Rebenstock, Hinsberg, Zeune, Döring, Mörbach, and others, besides Simrock, whose version is the one most widely read. Our purpose is not to tell the history of this movement in European literature, but to show how it arose, and how essential a part of the life of our own day, in and out of England, is the stir of thought leading to such efforts as those of the Early English Text Society. For there is a natural history of literature, and every movement has a place of its own in the literary Cosmos.

But if we cannot glance at the new movement in Germany without mentioning the brothers Grimm, so neither can we speak of them without remembering that they marked the temper of their relish for the old national literature by active protests against political tyranny. Within a year of the same age, Ludwig being born in 1785, Wilhelm in 1786, they both studied at Marburg, and both were professors at Göttingen, where they were deprived for joining in the protests signed by seven professors against the abolition of the constitution by the King of Hanover in 1837. They lived together afterwards at Cassel, they went together to Berlin, and they gave the unremitting labour of two kindred minds to the strengthening of the foundations of German nationality by bringing the new generation into sympathy with the old German mind. Ludwig, thoroughly Teutonic, regretted that the German should at any time have been subject to Roman civilization. In his grammar he studied all the details of old German idiom and dialect. He produced a dictionary; wrote of the history of the language, of old German customs, of old German mythology; edited old sagas, romances, hymns, and household stories, aided in some books by his brother as joint editor, in others by his brother's constant energy in the diffusion of the new faith by republication of old texts. Their influence was active throughout Europe. Even in Spain the clever lady who takes her place in literature there as Fernan Caballero, ascribed to an impulse received from a book of Ludwig Grimm's the plan of her valuable collection of the popular tales and poems of Andalusia. Almost as distinctly may the spur of the new German and French national scholarship be found impelling Duran, Depping, and Ferdinand Wolf to their studies of the national songs of Spain, Manuel Milá y Fontanals to his work on the Troubadours, and animating an enthusiastic Spaniard, Don José Amador de los Rios, to the production of a national

history of Spanish literature, which in the fourth of its ample volumes has reached only to the middle of the fourteenth century.

Everywhere this close and careful study of old national literature coincides with a revived sense of nationality. It is a hundred years old, and has steadily been growing in exactness. Uhland, Ferdinand Wolf, Adolf Ebert, Ludwig Erk, Karl Bartsch, Ludwig Lemcke, F. E. C. Dietrich, and dozens more, have been working indefatigably in their own national field; Grundtvig and Geijer have been busy upon the early poetry of Danes and Swedes; the old national songs of Portugal have been collected by Almeida-Garrett and the Servian by Vuk Stefanovic.

In France the new movement began in the middle of the last century, when La Curne de Saint-Palaye made his glossary from texts of old French MSS. The comprehensive Literary History of France, founded by Dom Antoine Rivit, was begun by the benedictines of St. Maur as early as the year 1733. The discourse on the state of letters in France in the twelfth century was published in 1750, but in 1763 the work was voluntarily suspended. The classicists disdained the study of a literature they considered rude, but the reading of the old MSS. and the accumulation of printed texts and extracts was persisted in. Raynouard first looked for a system in the language of the authors of the twelfth and thirteenth century. Barabzan, Méon, Roquefort, were careless editors, but they were pioneers with virgin soil to till. Barbazan's collection of Fabliaux and tales was published in 1756. Méon enlarged and re-edited it in 1808, five years before publishing his edition of the 'Roman de la Rose.' It was in 1808 also that Roquefort, revising and completing the work of Sainte-Palaye, published his 'Glossary of the Romance Language,' which he personally presented to the great Napoleon. 'Romance language! What's that?' asked the great man. 'Sire, it is the language spoken by our ancestors.' 'Ah! you have dedicated this book to my brother Joseph?' 'Yes, sire.' 'Very well. What is your name?' 'Roquefort.' 'What are you?' 'Man of letters.' 'Nothing but that?' said the man of battles, and he turned his back upon the scholar. To the school of Méon and Roquefort, Fauriel belonged, but he survived to be an honoured fellow-laborer with men of a later generation. Francisque Michel, Ampère, Paulin Paris, the late Gustave Falot, and Baron Abel de Chevallet have car-

ried on the work; and now there is on the same ground, scientific high farming by scholars who have taken hints as to the best way of cultivation from men like D'Orell of Zurich and Diez of Bonn. In France Edelstand du Méril was the first to recognise their labours, and he was followed by scholars of the mark of Paul Meyer, Gaston Paris, who has produced lately a valuable 'Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne,' F. Guessard, and, more powerful than any of these, Emile Littré, by whom scattered results of labour have been systematised. Since the death of Fauriel, the old literature of the South of France has been less studied, that of the North proving more attractive. But it is not long since the Provençal Grammars produced in the thirteenth century by Hugues Faidit and Raymond Vidal de Besaudun were edited by F. Guessard, Paul Meyer has lately edited the Provençal 'Roman de Flamenca,' also of the thirteenth century, and Camille Arnaud the 'Ludus St. Jacobi' a Provençal mystery. Every important province in France has had special illustration of its literary history. Prosper Tarbé has edited the poets of Champagne; A. Dinaud has produced, in 1837, 1839, 1843, and 1863, four volumes of the 'Trouvères, Jongleurs, and Minstrels of the North of France and of the South of Belgium.' Old French poems have been edited from Venetian MSS. by A. Mussafia, who published at Vienna in 1864 'La Prise de Pampelune' and 'Macaire,' while Professor Hippeau of Caen edits a general collection of Old French literature, the Minister of Public Instruction countenances an Elzevir series of 'Old poets of France,' and so the work goes on which is here but slightly indicated by a few random citations that suggest its character. Keen eyes are ready to detect the treasures hitherto concealed in the provincial libraries. M. Luzarche had only been asked to catalogue the town library of Tours, when he detected in a volume labelled 'Prières' one of the oldest of French miracle plays, an instructive illustration of the miracle play in the transition state, acted neither in the church nor out of the church, but upon scaffolds, built over the steps of the church porch, with the inside of the church for that heaven out of which God comes to Paradise.

In France also, as elsewhere, these new studies are visibly connected with the free thought of the time. No student of old French is more conspicuous than M. Littré, whose new dictionary, result of the labour of twenty years, is a marvel of industry and learning. It is little to say that it su-

persedes the last edition of the Academy's dictionary of usage, published in 1835. Not only does it give for every word its pronunciation, its grammatical specification, and present actual senses classified and illustrated, but in adding the history of every word from the 11th or 12th to the 16th century, with the requisite sequence of examples, it has done with a compact fulness and precision all the work of the more diffuse historical dictionary which is being edited for the Academy by M. Patin. It is, in short, the best dictionary ever made for a modern language by the labour of a single scholar. But M. Littré belongs heart and soul to our century. He was born in the first year of it. From boyhood an eager and successful student—his friend M. St. Beuve says that in his last year of attendance on classes he took as prizes more than a hundred volumes—prosecuting for eight years the study of medicine beyond any professional requirements, and applying his knowledge as a man of letters to the translating and editing of Hippocrates, working habitually, it is said, with books and pen for eight or nine hours after the time when most people account their day's work over—M. Littré has been a student of the old French national literature with a keen free interest in all the new thought of his time. He is equally, or perhaps still better known, as a champion of the most advanced liberal opinions, in politics, philosophy and religion; but it is to be regretted that the first literary body in Europe, the French Academy, should have allowed his want of orthodoxy to exclude so eminent a scholar and so blameless a man from the chair to which his marvellous learning clearly entitles him.

It was M. Littré who replaced Fauriel in the commission of the Benedictines' Literary History of France. This work had been resumed when the revived study of old national literature increased the interest in such details as it accumulated. Edited by a committee of the Institute, it opened the thirteenth century in 1824 with an introduction by Daunou, and in 1862 its twenty-fourth volume contained the general introduction to the fourteenth century, being an account of the state of letters in France in the fourteenth century, upon which its author, M. Victor le Clerc, said that he had been at work since 1842. M. le Clerc is now editor in chief of this series of systematised essays on French literature, his colleagues being Paulin Paris, Emile Littré, and Ernest Renan.

Now, if we are to do as much to regain acquaintance with the genius of our own

forefathers as our neighbours are doing in France, Germany or elsewhere, we must do our work ourselves. Much as we owe to Kemble and Thorpe for promoting the study among us of our oldest literature and for advancing Anglo-Saxon scholarship beyond the range accessible to Sharon Turner, they have had but few abettors. The Danes and Germans, who are much more generally and heartily interested in such labours, edit Anglo-Saxon books more frequently and publish them more cheaply. Germany has been, in fact annexing the domain of Anglo-Saxon. It is a disgrace to us that Germany not England should have borne testimony to an extended cultivation of our ancient literature by publishing cheaply such a comprehensive body of it as Grein's '*Angel-Sächsische Bibliothek*.' Yet we were early in the field. The revival of independent thought at the Reformation brought, in the sixteenth century, Anglo-Saxon scholarship into some honour and request, and a new impulse was given to it by Somner's Anglo-Saxon dictionary, which was produced during the Commonwealth.

If we look to the French for help we find the patriotism of their national scholarship inciting them to attempt no less a work than the annexation of Chaucer. Partly from inability to understand a poet so essentially English, partly perhaps from grudge to England of a fourteenth-century poet whose fame overtops all the crowd of their fourteenth-century notabilities, as Strasburg spire overtops all houses in Strasburg, there is an amusing vein of detraction in French comments upon Chaucer. M. Sandras has written a book to show him up as '*Imitateur des Trouvères*,' and M. le Clerc, in his introduction to the fourteenth-century literature of France, is kind enough to tell us incidentally that Chaucer 'has all the faults of the trouvères, wants order, proportion, harmonious combination of parts of a story; while even his style, not wanting in force and cleverness, abounds like that of his masters in negligences and trivialities.' But he has at least the candour to add: 'Chaucer's advantage is that he has been always read and understood by a great number of his countrymen, while our old poets have had to suffer such an oblivion that foreign imitators have received the honours due to their inventions.' Here is an odd blinking of the reason why Chaucer, in spite of the old rust upon his language, 'has been always read and understood by a great number of his countrymen.' What France produced was a Froissart when England produced a Chaucer. We are so



far from being generally in advance of the French as readers and understanders of our early literature, that the scholarly cultivation of it hitherto has been almost impossible without such aids as the national scholarship of France and Germany did not require for their development.

Our literary book-clubs have been necessary compensations for the backwardness of English scholarship among the English people and the total want of patronage bestowed upon it by the Universities and the Government until very recently. The Roxburghe Club, instituted in 1812, produced its first volume (Surrey's Translations from the *Æneid*) in 1814. Of that volume sixty copies were printed, but so large an impression was not taken of another of its books for the next fourteen years. Sometimes the impression was limited to a volume for each of the thirty-one original members, with an extra volume upon vellum. Often there were thirty-four or thirty-five copies printed, or some number between thirty-four and fifty, although many of the books of this club have been of the highest literary value. The Bannatyne Club, founded at Edinburgh in 1823, printed usually from sixty to a hundred copies of each piece of the old national literature; and there was about the same limit to the impression of books published by the Maitland Club, instituted at Glasgow in 1828. The Surtees Society, founded at Durham in 1834, with a larger number of members, charged itself with the printing of valuable chronicles and records illustrating local history. The Abbotsford Club, founded at Edinburgh in 1835, published in its time very limited impressions of some valuable works.

Of these societies the first was named after John Duke of Roxburghe, a native of Bristol, who spent most of his fortune upon the collection of rare books. His library was sold in London in the year 1812, the year after his death, and it was in London that the club, named after him presently originated. But the continuation of the movement by formation of new publishing clubs was confined to Scotland and the north of England, until the formation in 1838 of the Camden Society, to perpetuate and render accessible whatever is valuable; but at present little is known amongst the materials for the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the United Kingdom. Having that object, it fitly took its name from the Elizabethan historian and topographer of Britain. The Historical Society, founded in the same year, printed texts of old chronicles.

In the following year, 1839, there was established at Aberdeen the Spalding Club, for the printing of the historical, ecclesiastical, genealogical, topographical, and literary remains connected with the north-eastern counties of Scotland. In the next year, 1840, four important publishing clubs were founded, namely, the Irish Archaeological Society, the Parker, the Percy, and the Shakespeare Societies. In 1843 the Chetham Society was formed at Manchester for publication of historical and literary remains connected with the palatine counties of Lancaster and Chester. The Hakluyt Society, founded in 1846, has published a most interesting series of records of early voyages and travels. In 1853 the Philobiblon Society began to form its choice miscellanies, rich in literary matter of great interest, which is confined to a small circle of readers. Hitherto we have been indebted almost exclusively to the zeal and scholarship of members of such societies as these for the means of studying the early history and literature of our own country. The Society of Antiquaries published Mr. Thorpe's edition of 'Cædmon,' and Sir Frederic Madden's 'Layamon.' The Bannatyne Club published Sir F. Madden's 'Sir Gawayne,' which, like his 'Layamon,' has an introduction that no student of English can afford to leave unread. The Percy Society printed the 'Owl and Nightingale.' The 'Ancræn Riwle,' that forms also an essential part of early English study, was published by the Camden Society; and so were the works of Walter Map, the man of greatest genius in the time of Henry II. The Roxburghe Club was publisher of 'Gower's Balades,' and of his 'Vox Clamantis.' The Shakespeare Society published the 'Chester' and 'Coventry' Mysteries. The 'Towneley Mysteries' were printed by the Surtees Society. These are but a few slight suggestions of the substantial quality of the service done while yet there was no public to pay a trader for the issue of such works. In 1857 the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury his plan, which was at once adopted, for the publication of that series of 'Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the 'Middle Ages,' which is now, and will continue to be for many years, in course of publication. This series already includes thoroughly edited texts of forty-four distinct works formerly unprinted or almost inaccessible in sixty-six handsome volumes, which are sold to all comers at little more than half the price a publisher would charge for them in the usual course of trade.



The aim of the last established of the book societies appears to be to work in the same spirit for the diffusion of interest in early English literature, and to hasten the coming time when there will be for such literature an English public large enough to encourage business-men to look for their own profit in its dissemination. The Early English Text Society sets no limit to the number of its members or of copies of its books. Its editors give their labour, as in the Camden and some other clubs. There is no paid staff; there is no rent to pay; and, the books being issued in paper covers, there is not even a drawback in the cost of binding. The whole subscription is spent upon the simple printing and distributing of its usually well-edited texts, in good type, upon good paper, in octavo form, each with its glossary and introduction.

The Society was founded in 1864, and was suggested by the desire to continue and extend an issue of Early Texts which had been begun by the Philological Society. That Society had issued five texts, including Mr. Furnivall's 'Early Lives of Saints,' and Mr. Richard Morris's edition of Hampole's 'Pricke of Conscience,' valuable not only on its own account, but for the careful analysis of the old Northern dialect given by Mr. Morris in the introduction. The new Society, then, was constituted in 1864, with Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Morris among its ablest and most active members, and declared its purpose to be the publication of a series of Early English Texts, especially those relating to King Arthur. A vast mass of our early literature, it said truly enough, was, in spite of the efforts of the Percy, Camden, and other Societies, still unprinted, and more than half our early printed literature, including the Arthur romances, was still inaccessible to the student of moderate means.

The publications of the Society consist of works printed for the first time from the manuscript, or re-edited from the MSS. from which they were originally printed, or from earlier MSS. where such were known to exist; and the plan does not exclude reprints of scarce printed books, of which the MSS. are not now in existence. The subscription is one guinea a year, and already a large number of these curious and valuable works may be obtained for a few shillings. The day is, indeed, yet distant enough when it shall be said of our railway stalls as Erasmus said of the English monasteries, 'Mirum est dictu, quam hic passim, quam dense, veterum librorum seges efflorescat.'

But it will not be the fault of the Early English Text Society if that cannot be said in a few years of the homes of educated English readers.

The zeal, too, is well spent that looks to such an end. Not only have we been following for the last half century in the path to which the Bodmers and the Percys pointed, and sought new strength for our literature by making it more distinctly English in its form and substance, but of late years we have been recognizing, as we never before recognised, in our schools and colleges, the value of a close study of our own language and literature. By the current of opinion, and by the tests applied at civil service and other examinations, the young Englishman is now almost compelled to attempt some systematic study of the speech and thought of his country. He cannot study the language without reference to Early English Texts, and the best of these have hitherto been costly and almost inaccessible. Of many that he may expect an examiner to question him about, he must be content to take what he knows from the description given by his teacher, which is a way of acquiring little but the art of seeming to be well informed. The cheap distribution of good texts of Early English writers has become, therefore, a necessary supplement to the new movement towards greater thoroughness in English education; and it is an essential part of the scheme of the Early English Text Society to labour to the utmost for their cheap and wide diffusion. A small subscription now enables every school in which English is studied to have in its library a free supply of the requisite materials for an English education that does not consist merely of cramming. The difficulty of reading Early English is but slight, and the process of mastering it is pleasant; for it throws light upon many interesting points in language and dialect, and puts new mind into many a word and phrase. No student of English has been thoroughly taught who cannot read a fourteenth century romance for his own pleasure without finding old forms of language an impediment to the enjoyment of its story and fair apprehension of the way of telling it. The only reason why even good students usually fail to acquire such a power is that they find difficulty in getting the material on which to exercise it. Meanwhile, as the quick success of this Society has shown, the want of the material is duly felt, and the number of educated Englishmen who are now ready to take pleasant rambles about the sources of our literature must be

large enough to strengthen very considerably the new Society's efficiency when once the public fairly knows what it is doing.

The first announcement of its object was very brief and general; but, as its work proceeded, it fell into distinct groups; and at the beginning of last year they were thus defined: 'Starting with a resolve to print the whole of the Early English romances relating to Arthur and his Knights, the committee next resolved to illustrate the dialects, and the increase in the vocabulary of the English tongue. To these groups was necessarily added a third, or miscellaneous one; and during 1865 the committee felt it right to commence a Biblical and Religious group, seeing how large a portion of our early literature was occupied with such topics.' The grouping simply indicates a catholicity of taste, with a determination to try for a complete set of the old English Arthur romances, to represent also the strength of the religious element in this as in every other period of English literature, and to furnish all possible aid to an exact study of the language.

The oldest of the series, for the present, is coeval with the 'Anceren Riwe,' a rule of counsel and instruction, written in semi-Saxon for a small society of three anchoresses, with their maid-servants or lay sisters, who had a house near Crayford Bridge, in Dorsetshire. The 'Anceren Riwe,' first edited for the Camden Society in 1853, has become an important text-book for the student of our language as it was spoken in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Mr. Cockayne contributes to the series before us two more books of the same period, adding even a suggestion — made on very insufficient grounds — that the author of the 'Anceren Riwe,' probably Richard Poor, successively bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Durham, was the author of these pieces also. One of them is a metrical life of 'St. Margaret, Maiden and Martyr;' the other, a treatise upon 'Holy Maidenhood.'

The legend of St. Margaret, which has appeared this year, is a re-issue by the Society of a book published by Mr. Cockayne, as a venture of his own, in 1862. It adds a shorter version of the legend from a

Harleian MS., and another from Hickea, to the main text, which is of 'Seinte Marherete the Meiden ant 'Martyr,' from a small quarto vellum volume (MS. Reg. 17. A. xxvij.), into which there was transcribed — as Sir F. Madden believes, about A. D. 1230 — not only this legend, but also the lives of St. Catherine and of St. Juliana. The St. Catherine was printed for the Abbotsford Club in 1841, but is not to be bought, and will therefore, as well as the St. Juliana, be supplied by Mr. Cockayne to this cheap and accessible series of Early English Texts.

[For want of Anglo-Saxon characters we are obliged in this place to omit several lines. — LIV. AGE.]

Mr. Cockayne has also his eccentricities of interpretation. In 'St. Margaret' he explains a passage that speaks of the Lord whom the Jews 'fordemden' as 'for-doomed (*wrongly doomed*).' For-doomed is as the Germans say, 'Verdammt,' rightly or wrongly as the case may be. In the very same piece the fiend of lust under St. Margaret's heel says to the unconquerable virgin of himself and his like, 'Beatest us ant bindest, ant to deathe fordemest,' where Mr. Cockayne simply repeats in his version 'to death for-deemest.' Did this mean that by the power of pure maidenhood the devils of lust were 'wrongly doomed' to death? Again, Mr. Cockayne translates 'Ne forlet tu me nawt, luuende lauerd, bihald me ant help me,' in this way, 'Ne forlet (*let go to ruin*) thou me not, loving lord; behold me and help me.' Anybody else would have been content to translate this 'Forsake me not;' as again, too, the Germans say, 'Verlass mich nicht.' But we are in no humour for picking holes. Mr. Cockayne has here edited, genially and as thoroughly as he could, two very good typical specimens of semi-Saxon, and as books they are amusing. St. Margaret's endurance of whippings and burnings, and her triumphant dealings with the two infernal monsters in her prison of whom the first comer actually swallows her, but she disagrees with him so much that he bursts in two to let her out again, is in fine earn-

est mediæval style and very edifying; while the homily on Holy Maidenhood paints in the liveliest way for the warning of young maids the miseries of matrimony. Let them think, it asks, 'how the wife stands that hears, when she comes in, her child scream, sees the cat at the flitch, and the dog at the hearth; her cake is burning on the stone, and her calf sucking, the pot boils over into the fire, and the churl (her husband) chides her.' Mr. Cockayne, we see, in his version of this scrap of warning, translates the dog at the hearth into a 'hound at the hide,' and says 'the churl is scolding,' without giving the unskilled reader a hint that 'ceorl' had husband for its secondary meaning. The translation of 'hearth' into 'hide' was a half-pardonable blunder, the word in the text being *hude*; and although *hude* is a well-known Anglo-Saxon synonym for *hūd* or *hūd* means a hide. But the 'dog at the hide' is nonsense; while the hearth, where the cake is on the stone and the meat in the pot, is obviously the place to be protected from the forays of the dog.

The place assigned to marriage in these pieces is not one of complete dishonour. The author of the 'Hali Meidenhad' compares wedlock to a bed for the sick, and says that the song in heaven of the married folks is to thank God that when they fell from the height Maidenhood they had a bed to fall upon, so that they got no more hurt than they could heal with almsdeed, for whosoever fall out of the grace of maidenhood so that the woven bed of wedlock take not, drive down to the earth so terribly that they are dashed to pieces, joint and muscle.' He gives also an arithmetical scale of the degrees of heavenly bliss that answer to the degrees on earth of maidenhood, widowhood, and wedlock. 'Wedlock,' he says, 'has its fruit thirty fold in heaven, widowhood sixty fold; maidenhood with a hundred fold overpasses both. Consider then, hereby, whosoever from her maidenhood descendeth into wedlock, by how many degrees she falleth downward. She is a hundred fold elevated towards heaven while she holds to maidenhood, as the reward proveth; and she leapeth into

wedlock, that is, downward to the thirtieth, over three twenties and yet more by ten.'

The next in date of the works hitherto edited by this Text Society is the early English romance of 'King Horn,' from a complete copy in the Cambridge University Library. The MS. is of the second half of the thirteenth century, and is the same from which the English version of 'King Horn' was printed by the Bannatyne Club to accompany M. Michel's edition of the later French romance. There was no glossary, and the English text printed in Paris contained many misprints. The Text Society therefore re-edits it, with a good glossarial index, and joins with it a fragment of 'Floriz and Blanchefleur,' and a fragment of a poem on the 'Assumption,' which, standing before and after it in the Cambridge MS., have suffered losses of first and last leaves from which they have protected the romance that lay between them. These fragments are judiciously combined with another fragment of 'Floriz and Blanchefleur' from one of the Cotton MSS. much damaged by the fire, and with a complete version from a later MS. of the poem upon the 'Assumption of Our Lady.'

'King Horn' is a romance of our own, ascribed by M. Francisque Michel to a Dano-Saxon cycle of romances, of which the only two considerable remains are this 'King Horn' and the romance of 'Havelok.' The value of 'King Horn' in a collection of texts is obvious enough, though it is a romance in every way of less interest than 'Havelok,' which was edited by Sir F. Madden for the Roxburghe Club in 1828; the English version, written towards the close of the thirteenth century, having been discovered by him in a MS. book labelled 'Vitæ Sanctorum,' among the Laudian collection in the Bodleian Library. It would be a boon to students if the Early English Text Society could give them 'Havelok' in a cheap volume. That and 'King Horn' would complete the furnishing of one little corner in its shrine of early English fancy, wit, and wisdom. The Society would, we believe have included 'Havelok' among the publications of its second year, if Sir Frederic Madden, its first editor, had not desired himself to produce a new edition, either for the Camden Society or as a separate work. This would secure to it the best editing; but unless

the new edition is to be a cheap one, might it not be well to have also from this Society a half crown or three shilling copy of the text of a work with which every student of our Early English literature must wish to become familiar? Meanwhile we have 'King Horn,' and with it the two other pieces we have named. To Oriental fancy the romance of 'Floriz and Blanchefleur,' which seems to have come through Spain into Europe, owes much of its beauty. It is a poetical tale, of which the charm was felt by Boccaccio, who began with it his career in literature by making it the foundation of his 'Filocopo;' the Italian prose romance, written by him before the 'Teseide' with which he taught Italians the value to them of *ottava rima* for the telling of an epic or heroic tale.

While there are such points of literary interest to sharpen our attention to Mr. Lumby's edition of 'King Horn' and his fragments of 'Floriz and Blanchefleur,' the story of 'The Assumption of Our Lady,' which he gives complete in the same volume, acquires interest, as he himself says, by the recent publication of three Syriac versions (two fragmentary and one complete), of a very early date, by Dr. Wright. The fragments are both printed in his 'Syriac Apocrypha.' Ewald assigns the origin of the story to the latter half of the fourth century, and a similar narrative is said to exist in Æthiopic. The device of this legend is not without some spirit of poetry. The Apostles are drawn in different ways, at the same time, from their different fields of labour, to meet about the dying mother of their Lord, except St. Thomas. After her death they carry her body to burial, protecting it against perils from the Jews; and after they have brought it to the valley of Jehoshaphat, St. Thomas, who has come out of India, joins them. He answers to their rebuke for coming after the rest have already buried their Lady, that she is not in her tomb, for he has seen her in the flesh, and she has given him her girdle. He shows the girdle of silk and gold, which the other disciples knew to have been on the body they took to its burial; and the Apostles, looking in the tomb, see that the Holy Virgin is indeed not there. In her place they find only a little manna. The subject is charmingly treated, if we remember rightly, in one of Perugino's finest paintings now in the gallery of the Vatican.

Glancing rapidly through the publications of the Society in their chronological order, we come next to an Early English

song of about the middle of the thirteenth century, now first edited by Mr. Richard Morris from a unique MS. in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It is one of those metrical versions of Bible story which descend in direct line from Cædmon's paraphrase, and which were contrived of old by pious men for the livelier instruction of the common people in the leading facts of Scripture. Before the Conquest such poems supplied the place of the old pagan songs of the gleemen at many a lordly feast or rustic festival, and did much of the work which, after the Conquest, they for a time shared with the Mystery Plays by which they were superseded in the favour of the people. In these sequences of Scripture song, as in the Mystery Plays, Old Testament story was always told as pointing towards Christ; and so it is with the thirteenth century poem here edited by Mr. Morris, which goes with unusual fulness through Genesis and Exodus, ending its popular version of each book with a prayer for salvation. The versifier evidently meant to go on with the Bible story; but if he wrote no more than remains to us, he produced a very complete and substantial section of it.

Allied to this work in character is the group of three 'Early English Alliterative Poems' of the fourteenth century, taken from a MS. in the Cotton collection which also contains the romance of 'Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight.' Of these poems too Mr. Richard Morris is the editor. In the first of them a father lamenting a lost child, his pearl, visits the child's grave, and there dreams that he sees her in bliss on the other side of a stream, which he is told he cannot pass till after death. His glorified child tells him of the bliss of heaven, points out to him the heavenly Jerusalem; is seen by him in a procession of virgins going to salute the Lamb; but he wakes as he attempts to cross the stream and follow her. In the second poem Bible stories enforce purity of life. The third poem, designed to show the nobleness of patience, tells the tale of Jonah. The writer of these pieces was a poet who had eyes of the mind wherewith to see what he described, and much vivacity and force, even occasional grandeur, in the good music of his alliterative verse. He is the author also of that alliterative romance poem of 'Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight,' which has been edited by Sir F. Madden for the Bannatyne Club. Sir F. Madden has generously and wisely placed at the disposal of the Early English Text Society any of the texts

furnished by him to the more costly book clubs, which it may determine to re-edit, except, as we have said, his first work, 'Havelok.' The Society has, therefore, re-edited 'Sir Gawayne,' by reprinting Sir F. Madden's accurate text and simply comparing it with the original MS., for the effacement of such errors of transcription as might here and there occur. Mr. Morris, who is editor also of this volume, adds the careful glossary without which no book is issued by the Society.

Setting aside 'Sir Gawayne' for the present, we recur to the story of 'Genesis and Exodus' and the 'Alliterative Poems,' for to the introductions to these Mr. Morris has given some of his best study as an interpreter of the different forms taken by our language, on its way from semi-Saxon towards modern English. It is in study of this kind that Mr. Morris's strength lies, and no living man has done more towards making our knowledge of Early English clear and thorough. There was much need of such a worker. The number is small of those who are able to cultivate this field of knowledge at once with discretion and enthusiasm. Exact study of the language being necessary to a full enjoyment of the literature, it is fortunate that the most active workers in the Early English Text Society are essentially philologists. They may be thought by some readers to lay too much emphasis upon precision in the preservation and analysis of every minute peculiarity. But it is so only that they can smooth the way to a complete appreciation of the texts they publish.

Ralph Higden, describing the England of his own time in the middle of the fourteenth century, said that there were three forms of English speech, Southern, Midland, and Northern. A careful study of books written in different parts of England during the passage of English from its semi-Saxon stage into the language of Shakespeare, shows that there were definite grounds for Higden's division, not merely in pronunciation and in certain differences of vocabulary, but in grammatical forms; and, if differences in grammatical inflexion be regarded as the main test, there is no division to be found so good as that which Higden left on record in his 'Polychronicon.' Mr. Garnett made the number of dialects five, Southern, Western, Mercian, Anglian, and Northumbrian. But Mr. Morris rightly argues, that the additional distinctions should not be accepted, because they are not based upon essential differences of inflexion. The Western English does not

essentially differ from the Southern, Robert of Gloucester's 'Chronicle,' and the Kentish 'Ayenbite of Inwit' being obviously mere varieties of the same dialect. Mr. Garnett's Anglian again is only a variety of the Midland. The Early Text Society holds, therefore, by the old division of the language into three dialects—Northern, Midland, and Southern—which, are especially distinguished by their way of inflecting the plural of the present indicative. In the Northern it is *we loves, ye loves, they loves*; in the Midland it is *we loven, ye loven, they loven*; in the Southern it is *we loveth, ye loveth, they loveth*, with a second form of *we love, ye love, they love*. Again, to take only the one distinction that approaches nearest to the furnishing of a test word in the discrimination between subdivisions of each dialect, we have a subdivision of the Northern dialect into that of Northumberland and Yorkshire, that of the Scottish Lowlands, and that of the Border. Of these dialects a good distinctive test is to be found, says Mr. Morris, in the word for 'such.' *Sic* is such in Lowland Scottish; it is so used now, but was not in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, south of the Tweed. *Stike* (Icelandic, *slik* = such) was the Border word; and *swilk* (Anglo-Saxon, *swilec*) was the form usual in Yorkshire and Northumberland. Again, the best single test for subdivision of the Midland dialect is the inflexion not of the plural but of the singular in the indicative present: South and East Midland shared the Southern form, *I love, thou lovest, he loveth*. West Midland, including Lancashire and Cheshire, had *I love, thou loves, he loves*; the characteristic Midland plural being in each case *loven*. These are indications of a manner of distinguishing that has been followed through numerous details, and forms a study which soon qualifies for critical appreciation of the language of our early writers.

The 'Three Alliterative Poems,' in the West Midland dialect of the fourteenth century, Mr. Morris has prefaced with a complete analysis of the West Midland dialect and an exceedingly full glossary. The story of 'Genesis' and 'Exodus' is in the East Midland of the middle of the thirteenth century. By the text, glossary, and introductions to these two volumes, the student is helped to a pretty complete mastery of the Early English of the Midland district. The best account of the Northern dialect has also been given by Mr. Morris, and is in the introduction to his edition of Ham-pole's 'Pricke of Conscience,' published by



the Philological Society in 1863. The student of English who proposes to make good use of the publications of the Early English Text Society will find it advantageous to add Richard of Hampole's Northumbrian poem to the series. The Southern dialect has not yet been illustrated by the new English Text Society. Mr. Edmond Brock has given, perhaps, the best account of it in an analysis of the grammatical forms of the 'Anceren Riwle,' contributed last year to the 'Transactions' of the Philological Society. Mr. Morris is to supply the Text Society with his analysis of Southern English in an introduction to the Kentish 'Ayenbite of Inwit' (Remorse of Conscience). We may add that, although Hampole's 'Pricke of Conscience' is not in the series, the deficiency in special means of studying the Northern dialect will be supplied by editions of at least two early specimens, the 'Cursor Mundi' and Richard of Hampole's prose translation of, and comment on, the Psalms from the Eton College MS.

To illustrate the growth of our vocabulary, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, Mr. Fry, and others, have undertaken to edit for this Text Society, a series of early dictionaries, beginning with 'Levin's Manipulus Vocabulorum,' the earliest rhyming dictionary, of which only three copies are known to exist. The greater monuments of early literature are to be treated with proportionate respect.

Of 'The Vision of Piers Plowman,' apart from Chaucer the most important work in Early English, the best three MS. texts are to be separately printed. The first of them, transcribed from the Vernon MS. at Oxford, will be published in 1867; and that it may be clearly ascertained which are the best two of the remaining texts, a comparison is being made by printing from every accessible MS. its version of a test passage containing several verbal plurals, from which might be determined whether any MSS. are consistent in the use of the Southern *th*, the Midland *n*, or the Northern *s* in the present plural indicative. Mr. Skeat, who edits, with an explanation of the plan of the proposed three-text edition, a collection made in this manner from twenty-nine MSS. of the poem, finds necessary and proposes the use also of another text passage. The variations in the text admit, he says, of an arrangement of the MSS. into three groups; namely, those of which the Vernon MS. at Oxford, giving the oldest form, is the best example; 2, those which resemble the text printed by Crowley in 1550, and to this group belongs also the text printed in 1856 by Mr. Wright; and 3,

those resembling the text printed by Whitaker, which was not a good one of its class. The three-text edition is designed, therefore, to give the best example of each of these three forms of text. It must be in three separate books, because the extraordinary differences in the arrangement of the subject-matter make parallel columns useless; but copious references will be given to assist comparison, and the faults of omission frequent in these MSS. may, in any case, be covered by insertions of lines taken from other MSS. of the same class. Among the other publications promised, we notice Barbour's 'Brus,' a curious set of MS. treatises on early manners and meals, Robert of Brunne's 'Handlyng Synne,' the History of the Holy Graal, Chaucer's Prose works, and, long sorely wanted, Lydgate's works, of which a large and important part has never yet been printed. We are to have also the Midland Psalter, hitherto erroneously described as Southern, of William of Shoreham, besides the Northumbrian version, by Richard Rolle, the monk of Hampole, both produced early in the fourteenth century.

Richard of Hampole, that Yorkshire hermit prolific of books, is presented under a new light in, one of the last volumes issued by the Text Society. All his English works are to be given, and here are, in good old Northumbrian English, some short prose treatises of his taken from a miscellaneous collection of poems, tracts, prayers, and medical receipts, made by Robert Thornton, archdeacon of Bedford, in the earlier half of the fifteenth century. Mr. George G. Perry, who is their editor, adds to the information that has hitherto been current about the hermit's life. All that was really known of him has been that, at some time about the beginning of the reign of Edward III. he withdrew himself from the world, and devoted himself to a life of austere meditation in a cell not far from the monastery of Hampole. As he was admitted among the holy confessors of the Church, particulars of him might have been found in the 'Officium de Sancto Heremita,' if that work had not been destroyed by the fire in the Cotton Library. But in the library of Lincoln Cathedral is a copy of the 'Officium et Legenda de Vita Ricardi Rolle,' long sought but only now first brought to light, and with the English prose treatises of Rolle, just edited by him, Mr. Perry prints the whole of this document, as far as it can be deciphered. From it we learn that Rolle was born at Thornton in the diocese of York, sent to school, and in due time patronized by Thomas Neville,



archdeacon of Durham, who sent him to Oxford. There he made great progress in his studies, preferring theology to physics or secular science. At the age of nineteen, mindful of the uncertainty of life, and fearing the temptations to sin, he returned home, and one day told a beloved sister that he had a mighty desire towards two of her gowns, one white the other gray. Would she bring them to him next day in a neighbouring wood, and bring with them a hood their father used in rainy weather? When she did so, he took off his own clothes, put on his sister's white dress next his skin, drew over it the gray dress with its sleeves cut off, thrusting his arms through the armholes, hooded himself with his father's rainhood, and having thus made himself look as much like a hermit as he could, ran away, while his sister cried, 'My brother is mad! My brother is mad!' He went then, so dressed, on the vigil of the Assumption, into a church, and placed himself where the wife of a Sir John de Dalton used to pray. When Lady de Dalton came with her servants, she would not allow them to disturb the pious young man at his prayers. Her sons, who had studied in Oxford, told her who he was. Next day he assumed, unbidden, the dress of an assistant, and joined in the singing of the service; after which, having obtained the benediction of the priest, he mounted the pulpit, and preached such a sermon that many, who wept over it, said they had never heard the like before. After mass, Sir John de Dalton invited him to dinner; but he went, because of humility, into a poor old house at the gate of the manor, till he was urged by the knight's own sons to the dinner table. During dinner he maintained a profound silence, but after dinner, Sir John, having talked with him privately, was satisfied of his sanity; he therefore furnished the enthusiast with such hermit's dress as he wished for, gave him a cell to live in, and provided for his daily sustenance.

So runs the story now first printed by Mr. Perry. The Hermit of Hampole, thus set up in his chosen vocation, became almost the busiest religious writer of his day, and well deserves his place in the good company to which the Early English Text Society is introducing its subscribers.

Then we have a substantial book of the fifteenth century — 'Political, Religious, and Love Poems,' mainly drawn from a MS. in the library of Lambeth Palace, but partly also from MSS. in the Cotton collection at the British Museum, from the Cambridge University library, and from some

other sources. The volume is a singularly entertaining miscellany, not the less valuable for reprinting, from the MSS. at hand, several good pieces that have appeared already in volumes not very easily accessible. Upon one piece in this volume, 'The Stacyons of Rome,' giving account of the spiritual graces obtained by the pious at the shrines of Rome, Mr. W. M. Rossetti supplies annotations. The advantages of journeying to Rome were, in this poem, shown to be great. Thus, when the Veronica was shown, residents in the city were to get four thousand years' pardon, outsiders nine thousand years, and persons coming from beyond the sea twelve thousand years. It was well to be a pilgrim to Rome upon terms like these. In the same volume we find, gathered by a genial and skilful editor, grave and gay, tales, prayers, love songs, fables, proverbs, political squibs, posies, even pieces that resemble nothing so much as short nursery jingles. The occasional introduction of a miscellany like this into the series of publications, the pieces being mostly of the same century, will add not less to the completeness than to the vivacity of a collection which is no dry mass of antiquarianism, but a bright representation of the earnest thought, the wit and fancy of our forefathers, four, five, six, and seven hundred years ago.

Six of the volumes already published by the Society constitute the beginning of the King Arthur library that it proposes to produce. One of them is the romance of 'Sir Gawayne and 'the Grene Knight' in alliterative verse, by the author of the religious poems, also in alliterative verse, which have been edited by Mr. Morris. This author, thoroughly religious, finds in Sir Gawayne, nephew to King Arthur, a hero whom he describes as faultless in his five wits, putting trust in the five wounds, and most distinguished among men in the five virtues that mark the true knight. The Green Knight came, as a green monster riding a green foal, to Arthur's court on New Year's Day, to try the temper of its champions. He would abide one stroke from any of the knights upon condition that, next New Year's Day, that knight should come and abide, in turn, a stroke from him. Gawayne accepted the challenge and struck off the head of the Green Knight, who then picked his head up, turned it towards Guenevere, spoke through it, bidding Gawayne look for him at the green chapel, and rode out at the hall door with his head still in his hand. Gawayne honourably fulfilled his pledge, and by resisting the enticements of

his host's wife, escaped with his life, getting only a scratch on his neck for a slight failure of faith, and bringing home a magical green girdle. His return with such a trophy caused the Knights of the Round Table ever after to wear a bright green belt for Gawayne's sake.

Two other books of the series have Arthur himself for hero. One gives, in six or seven hundred lines, an abstract, with omissions, of Geoffrey of Monmouth's narrative; and it is taken by Mr. Furnivall, its editor, from an incomplete Latin chronicle of the kings of Britain bound up with other pieces in a MS. belonging to the Marquis of Bath. The other is a version edited by Mr. Perry, of the 'Morte Arthure' printed from a thick MS. volume known as the 'Thornton Romances' in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. The greater part of this volume was written by Robert Thornton, a native of Oswaldkirk in Yorkshire, who was archdeacon of Bedford about the middle of the fifteenth century. The short metrical sketch of Arthur, edited by Mr. Furnivall, is of the same period, but of course is a much less important work than the 'Morte Arthure,' from Archdeacon Thornton's valuable MS. This was first printed by Mr. Halliwell in 1847, but Mr. Halliwell's issue being limited to seventy-five costly copies, the work is practically inaccessible to the general reader, and is now, therefore, republished by the Early English Text Society, with a few changes in the form of editing, frequent collations with the MS., and the addition of side notes and a glossary. This poem is written with great animation, and has one passage, on scenery, that is among the gems of Early English literature.

The Society is also publishing, from the unique MS. in the library of Cambridge University, the prose 'Romance of Merlin,' which, in the two parts already published, extends over 378 well-filled pages, and of which a third part has yet to appear. To the first part, Mr. D. N. Nash has prefixed a remarkable essay showing how three different characters—the Ambrosius of Nennius, the Ambrosius Aurelianus who conquered Vortigern, and the Cymric bard Merddhin, have been confounded together in the Merlin of romance. The Society's prose romance is of about the middle of the fifteenth century, and to the end of the century belongs the Scottish national romance of 'Lancelot of the Laik,' which also forms part of the little library already issued by the Text Society. This was carelessly edited for the Maitland Club in 1839, from a MS. in the Cambridge University library,

and is now carefully re-edited by Mr. Skeat. The poem is, as he says, loose paraphrase and amplification of part of the first of the three volumes of the French romance of 'Lancelot du Lac.'

The remarkable development of the King Arthur legends into a great cycle of romance will be amply illustrated as the Text Society proceeds with the fulfilment of its purpose. M. de la Villemarqué, an accomplished Breton, has assisted English studies by the careful research he has made into Breton sources of King Arthur legend during his labour of collecting the songs, ballads, and traditions of his people; and the value of his local studies is not the less for his over-estimate of the antiquity of Welsh Triads and other Cymric traditions which belong rather to the end than to the beginning of the Welsh literary epoch. On this side of the Channel we find that the fragments of old Cymric literature; with the least questionable marks of antiquity, have for their central figure not Arthur, but Urien, the patriot chief who led the Cymry of the Scottish Lowlands, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Lancashire, in their struggle against the force of Ida and the invading colonists who founded Anglian Northumbria. 'May I never smile,' said Taliesin, 'if I praise not Urien.' Llywarch Hen, the best of the old bards, sings of Urien's death, and of his head that he carried from the battle-field;—

'I carry by my side the head of Urien. . . .  
The head that I carry carried me; I shall find it no more; it will come no more to my succour.  
Woe to my hand, my happiness is lost! The head that I bear from the slope of Pennok has its mouth foaming with blood; woe to Rheged from this day! My arm is not weaker, but my rest is troubled; my heart, will you not break? The head that I carry carried me.'

The long fragment of Aneurin's Gododin tells the close of the same struggle in a six-day fight at Chatterick Bridge in Yorkshire, when the Cymric chiefs from Wigtown, Kirkeudbright and Ayr, and from the shores of Clyde, crossing the Solway, went up the River Eden, or marching by land through Strathclyde, met at the gathering-place in Cumberland in answer to the call of Mynidawg, the lord of Eiddin, district of the River Eden, and marched down through Swaledale to the shock of war. They went to battle with the Angles for recovery of some part of the land of the Ododin (Otdadini of the Romans), who correspond in geographical position to the men of Deivyr and Bryneich (Durham and Northumberland).

When Urein and the native chiefs who followed him maintained this losing struggle in the North, the stir of noble energies gave life to song. At the same time Arthur was fighting his unequal battle in the South. Llywarch began his career as soldier-bard in Arthur's army, and sings of the death of his friend and patron Geraint, the son of Erbin, in a bloody battle with the Saxons. But Llywarch, too, was drawn from the South to join the rally around Urein. If we look, in fact, to the oldest Cymric tradition, it is Urein rather than Arthur whom they represent as the delight of bards. But in the French Arthur romances, Urein has faded into the dim shape of a Sir Urience of Gore.

The truth appears to be that the Cymry in the sixth century were fighting in the South and North of England with an equal courage for possessions in the plains, and South and North were driven to the hills by the incoming sword and plough. The greatest of the Northern chiefs was Urein; the greatest of the Southern chiefs was Arthur. The kindred people of Brittany, by participation and report, knew much of that part of the wide struggle which was next to them. But of Urein faint news came from afar through the din of a near strife in which they were more actively interested, and about which they were more thoroughly informed. Then in Brittany, as in Wales and our South-western counties, traditions of Arthur grew, taking livelier form from the bright fancy of the Bretons, which made itself a playground among the distant hills of Wales. Geoffrey of Monmouth in the twelfth century did, no doubt, blend Breton with Welsh traditions when he invented his amusing 'History of British Kings'; but it is reasonable to suspect that the 'ancient history of Britain written in the Cymric tongue,' of which he professed that it had been discovered in Brittany, and had been used by him, was a mystification after the manner of Defoe, to cover his own ingenuity in the invention of that perfect line of British kings from Brutus downwards, which has since yielded to poetry Sackville's 'Gorboduc,' Shakespeare's 'Cymbeline' and 'Lear,' and Milton's 'Virgin Daughter of Loecrine.' Geoffrey of Monmouth, who thus suddenly sent up a spring of poetry out of the dry ground of mediæval chronicle, must have enjoyed the wrath of steady and laborious historians who, like William of Newbury, showed why 'that fabler with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all.' Even Gerald of Wales, who had a wit that should have enabled

him to perceive and enjoy the joke, told how a man who could detect falsehood by seeing devils leap and exult on the tongue of a liar, proved the falsehood of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history by stating that the devils swarmed about the book.

Not long after Geoffrey had earned the byname of 'Arturus' for restoring Arthur to his home in the new legendary form, it was our Walter Map, according to the belief, apparently the right belief, of M. Paulin Paris, who put a religious soul into them by adding to the series the History and the Quest of the Graal, 'Lancelot,' and the 'Mort Artus.' He it was certainly who wrote the 'Quest of the Graal,' and invented the ideally pure knight, Sir Galahad. About thirty years afterwards, when Layamon, writing in Worcestershire by the banks of the Severn, translated and enlarged into an English poem Wace's poetical version of Geoffrey's Chronicle (which had itself been enriched with the fresh legends from Brittany), the English priest, living within the sound of West of England legend, added new incidents to the story; for example, that of the taking of King Arthur after death to Avalon.

On the whole, then, we may be safe in assuming that these King Arthur legends, the growth, as we now have them, of many successive generations, have been gradually developed both in France and England, as the traditions and inventions of the Cymry and their neighbors the Bretons spread through each country, and tempted the invention of romancers. Here, however, they were born of a real patriot chief; here Geoffrey of Monmouth set them in a mimic history of British kings; and here they received from Walter Map those vital additions which gave them symmetry, and put a soul into what had been a shapeless mass of incidents of combat and amour. If this be the right reading of their history, the contribution of this country to the whole result is anything but a mean one, although much of it comes to us out of France, from the romantic fictions of the Bretons, and not of the Bretons only. But the Arthurian romances were, as M. Paulin Paris argues, and we think, rightly, no more than detached tales until the twelfth century, when Robert de Borron, translator not inventor, translated the first 'History of the St. Graal' as an introduction to the series, and soon afterwards Walter Map added his 'Quest of the Graal,' 'Lancelot,' and 'Mort Artus.'

We have dwelt so long upon these interesting books, that we can do little more than

name the other publications issued by the Text Society. Next to the Arthur romances in chronological order is a metrical story, such as Boccaccio or Chaucer might have told, of 'The Wright's Chaste Wife,' edited by Mr. Furnivall, from a MS. in Lambeth palace. Its date is about 1462. Nearly of the same date, and also edited by Mr. Furnivall, is a specimen of mediæval natural science, 'The Book of Quinte Essence' or the Fifth Being; that is to say, Man's Heaven, revealed by an Angel to Hermes Trismegistus after Noah's Flood. Professor Fitzedward Hall edits a poem on the 'Office and Dewtie of Kyngis,' written by William Lauder, 'for the faithful instruction of Kyngis and Prence.' Lauder was a priest of the party of the reformers who wrote plays (moralities) as well as poems. He died in 1572, and his name passed out of memory till this poem of his on the 'Office and Duty of Kings' was, in 1827, reprinted in the 'Crypt,' by the Reverend Peter Hall.

The office and duty of kings was heartily promoted by a greater poet, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, whose 'Monarchy' and 'Dream' and 'Testament of the Popinjay,' full of good counsel to King James V. and his courtiers, form, with some of his minor poems, the two published parts of a complete edition of his works, which the Text Society gives probably for the sake of their Northern dialect, but which will have substantial value as the works of a poet of high mark, whose merit most readers have hitherto been compelled to take upon trust. 'A reprint of Thynne's Animadversions upon Chaucer,' re-edited from the unique

MS. in the Bridgewater Library, and a Scottish treatise upon grammar, by Alexander Hume, which is about contemporary with Ben Jonson's, are the other books in the long list, and bring the series down to the latest date which is likely to be recognized as within their province of study by the Early English Text Society. The books published already range over a period of more than four centuries, and every one of them gives aid to the study of the English language as well as of its literature.

When it has done all it can do in its present field of labour, this most energetic young Society already announces its design to publish the whole body of our unprinted literature of the period called semi-Saxon; which done, 'the Society will then be ready to take on itself the burden laid by the late J. M. Kemble on the Ælfric Society, to leave no word of Anglo-Saxon unprinted.' The Ælfric Society broke down after the production of three works in thirteen years. The Early English Text Society has published twenty-one texts in two years and a half, and chafes because it has not subscribers enough to enable it to issue in one year more than eleven texts, when it is ready to send out nineteen as the return for each subscriber's guinea. *Si potes hoc, regnas.* If it can do half as much as it is bent upon attempting, this newest of the Societies for the diffusion of our early literature will have shown a very keen and just sense of the progress made since Warburton declared of Percy's 'Reliques,' that antiquarianism was to true letters what funguses are to the oak, evidence only that the tree has lost its vigour.

**RUSSIAN NAMES.** — The truest Russian word for their Emperor is not Tsar, but Gosudar, which rightly means master: Tsar is not a true Russian word, but was brought in by their Mongol conquerors, and does not mean rightly a great king but a horde-leader; it is the Persian word Sar, a Head, likewise Head of House and a Horde, is early enough to be in the book of Genesis in Egypt as Sar-of-bakers, Sar-of-cupbearers, Sar-of-the-guard Potiphar. Cicero calls Cleopatra's man of business in Rome Sar, and with the Hebrew feminine ending it is our

name Sar-ah, she being the great Hebrew's half sister and his wife; it is the Sanskrit Sura, and through the French Sieur and Sire, which is not the same word as Seigneur or the Latin Senior, but is Gaudish, and is Irish now, as Soar a man of good birth and a head workman. Tsar is the same word as our English Sir. The Russian for Head of a State is Gosudar, and Gosudarsvo means Empire and any Kingdom or Great State. — [J. E., in *Portsmouth Journal*.]

## PART II.

## CHAPTER V.—SARA'S SPECULATIONS.

THE next morning the frost had set in harder than before, contrary to all prognostications, to the great discomfiture of Jack Brownlow and of the Dartfordshire hounds. The world was white, glassy, and sparkling, when they all looked out upon it from the windows of the breakfast-room — another kind of world altogether from that dim and cloudy sphere upon which Jack and his companion had looked with hopes of thaw and an open country. These hopes being all abandoned, the only thing that remained to be thought of was, whether Dewsbury Mere might be "bearing," or when the ice would be thick enough for skaters — which were questions in which Sara, too, took a certain interest. It was the parish of Dowsbury in which Brownlows was situated, and of which Mr. Hardcastle was the parish priest; and young Keppel, along with his brother Mr. Keppel of Ridley, and all the visitors he might happen to have, and Sir Charles Hetherton, from the other side, with anybody who might be staying in his house — not to speak of the curate and the doctor, and Captain Stanmore, who lived in the great house in Dewsbury village, and a number of other persons less known in the upper circles of the place, would crowd to the Mere as soon as it was known that it might yield some diversion, which was a scant commodity in the neighbourhood. Mr. Brownlow scarcely listened to the talk of the young people as he ate his egg sedately. He was not thinking of the ice for one. He was thinking of something quite different — of what might be waiting him at his office, and of the changes which any moment, as he said to himself, might produce. He was not afraid, for daylight disperses many ghosts that are terrible by night; but still his fright seemed to have opened his eyes to all the advantages of his present position, and the vast difference there was between John Brownlow the attorney's children, and the two young people from Brownlows. If that change were ever to occur, it would make a mighty alteration. Lady Hetherton would still know Sara, no doubt, but in how different a way! and their presence at Dewsbury then would be of no more importance than that of Fanny Hardcastle or young Stanmore in the village — whereas, now — This was what their father was reflecting, not distinctly, but in a vague sort of way, as he ate his egg. He had once been fond of the ice himself, and was not so old but that he felt the wonted fires burn in his ashes; but the office had an attraction for him which it had never had before, and he drove down by himself in the dogcart with the vigour and eagerness of a young man, while his son got out his skates and set off to ascertain the prospects of the Mere. In short, at that moment Mr. Brownlow rather preferred to go off to business alone.

As for Sara, she did not allow her head to

be turned by the prospect of the new amusement; she went through her duties, as usual, with serene propriety — and then she put all sorts of coverings on her feet and her hands, and her person generally, and set out with a little basket to visit her "poor people." I cannot quite tell why she chose the worst weather to visit her poor people — perhaps it was for their sakes, to find out their wants at the worst; perhaps for her own, to feel a little meritorious. I do not pretend to be able to fathom Sara's motives; but this is undeniably what she did. When it rained torrents, she put on a large waterproof, which covered her from head to foot, and went off with drops of rain blown upon her fair cheeks under her hood, on the same charitable mission. This time it was in a fur-trimmed jacket, which was the envy of half the parish. Her father spoiled her, it was easy to see, and gave her everything she could desire; but her poor people liked to see her in her expensive apparel, and admired and wondered what it might cost, and were all the better pleased with the tea and sugar. They were pleased that she should wear her fine things for them as well as for the fine people she went to visit. I do not attempt to state the reason why.

When she went out at the park-gates, Mrs. Swayne was the first person who met Sara's eyes, standing at her door. The lines of the road were so lost in snow that it seemed an expanse of level white from the gate of Brownlows to the door-step, cleared and showing black over the whiteness, upon which Mrs. Swayne stood. She was a stout woman, and the cold did not seem to affect her. She had a black gown on and a little scarlet shawl, as if she meant to make herself unusually apparent; and there she stood defiant as the young lady came out. Sara was courageous, and her spirit was roused by this visible opponent. She gave herself a little shake, and then she went straight over the road and offered battle. "Are you not afraid of freezing up," she said to Mrs. Swayne, with an abruptness which might have taken away anybody's breath — "or turning into Lot's wife, standing there at the open door?"

Mrs. Swayne was a woman of strong nerves, and she was not frightened. She gave a little laugh to gain time, and then she retorted briskly, "No, Miss, no more nor you in all your wraps; poor folks can stand a deal that rich folks couldn't bear."

"It must be much better to be poor than to be rich, then," said Sara; "but I don't believe that, — your husband, for instance, is not half so strong as —; but I beg your pardon — I forgot he was ill," she cried, with a compunction which covered her face with crimson, "I did not mean to say that; when one speaks without thinking, one says things one doesn't mean."

"It's a pity to speak without thinking," said Mrs. Swayne; "if I did, I'd say a deal of unpleasant things; but, to be sure, you're but a bit of a girl. My man is independent, and it



don't matter to nobody whether he is weakly or whether he is strong."

"I beg your pardon," said Sara, meekly; "I am very sorry he is not strong."

"My man," continued Mrs. Swayne, "is well-to-do and comfortable, and don't want no pity: there's a plenty in the village to be sorry for—not them as the ladies visit and get imposed upon. Poor folks understands poor folks—not as I mean to say we're poor."

"Then, if you are not poor you can't understand them any better than I do," said Sara, with returning courage. "I don't think they like well-to-do people like you; you are always the most hard upon them. If we were never to get anything we did not deserve, I wonder what would become of us; and besides, I am sure they don't impose upon me."

"They'd impose upon the Apostle Paul," said Mrs. Swayne; "and as for the Rector—not as he is much like one of the apostles; he is one as thinks his troubles worse than other folks.—It ain't no good complaining to him. You may come through everything as a woman can come through; but the parson'll find as he's come through more. That's just Mr. Harcastle. If a poor man is left with a young family, it's the Rector as has lost two wives; and as for children and money—though I don't believe for one as he ever had any money—your parsons' as come through so much never has—"

"You are a Dissenter, Mrs. Swayne," said Sara, with calm superiority.

"Bred and born and brought up in the Church, Miss," said Mrs. Swayne, indignantly, "but drove to the chapel along of Swayne, and the parson being so aggravatin'. I'm one as likes a bit of sympathy, for my part; but it ain't general in this world," said the large woman, with a sigh.

Sara looked at her curiously, with her head a little on one side. She was old enough to know that one liked a little sympathy, and to feel too that it was not general in this world; but it seemed mighty strange to her that such an ethereal want should exist in the bosom of Mrs. Swayne. "Sympathy?" she said, with a curious tone of wonder and inquiry. She was candid enough, notwithstanding a certain comic aspect which the conversation began to take to her, to want to know what it meant.

"Yes," said Mrs. Swayne, "just sympathy, Miss. I'm one as has had my troubles, and as don't like to be told that they ain't troubles at all. The minister at the chapel is 'most as bad, for he says they're blessins in disguise—as if Swayne being weakly and awful worritin' when his rheumatism's bad, could ever be a blessin'. And as for speaking to the Rector, you might as well speak to the Mere, and better too, for that's got no answer ready. When a poor body sees a clergyman, it's their comfort to talk a bit and to tell all as they're going through. You can tell Mr. Harcastle I said it, if you please. Lord bless us! I don't need to go so far if it's only to hear as other folks is

worse off. There's old Betty at the lodge, and there's them poor creatures next door, and most all in the village, I'm thankful, to say, is worse off nor we are; but I would like to know what's the good of a clergyman if he won't listen to you rational, and show a bit of sympathy for what you've com'd through."

Perhaps Sara's attention had wandered during this speech, or perhaps she was tired of the subject; at all events, looking round her with a little impatience as she listened, her eye was caught by the little card with "Lodgings" printed thereon which hung in Mrs. Swayne's parlour window. It recalled her standing grievance, and she took action accordingly at once, as was her wont.

"What is the good of that?" she said, pointing to it suddenly. "I think you ought to keep your parlour to sit in, you who are so well off; but, at least, it can't do you any good to hang it up there,—nobody can see it but people who come to us at Brownlows; and you don't expect them to take lodgings here."

"Begging your pardon, Miss," said Mrs. Swayne, solemnly, "it's been that good to me that the lodgings is took."

"Then why do you keep it up to aggravate people?" said Sara; "it makes me wild always when I pass the door. Why do you keep it there?"

"Lodgers is but men," said Mrs. Swayne, "or women, to be more particular. I can't never be sure as I'll like 'em; and they're folks as never sees their own advantages. It might be as we didn't suit, or they wasn't satisfied, or objected to Swayne a-smoking when he's bad with the rheumatism, which is a thing I wouldn't put a stop to not for forty lodgers; for it's the only thing as keeps him from worritin'." So I always keeps it up; it's the safest way in the end."

"I think it is a wretched sort of way," cried Sara, impetuously. "I wonder how you can confess that you have so little faith in people; instead of trying to like them and getting friends, to be always ready to see them go off. I couldn't have servants in the house like that: they might just as well go to lodge in a cotton-mill or the workhouse. There can't be any human relations between you."

"Relations!" said Mrs. Swayne, with a rising colour. "If you think my relations are folks as go and live in lodgings, you're far mistaken, Miss. It's well known as we come of comfortable families, both me and Swayne—folks as keeps a good house over their heads. That's our sort. As for taking 'em in, it's mostly for charity as I lets my lodgings—for the sake of poor folks as wants a little fresh air. You was a different-looking creature when you came out of that stuffy bit of a town. I've a real good memory, and I don't forget. I remember when your papa come and bought the place off the old family; and vexed we all was—but I don't make no doubt as it was all for the best."

"I don't think the old family, as you call



them, were much use to anybody in Dewsbury," said Sara, injudiciously, with a thrill of indignation and offended pride.

"Maybe not, Miss," said Mrs. Swayne, meekly; "they was the old Squires, and come natural. I don't say no more, not to give offence; but you was a pale little thing then, and not much wonder neither, coming out of a house in a close street as is most fit for a mill, as you was saying. It made a fine difference in you."

"Our house in Masterton is the nicest house I know," said Sara, who was privately furious. "I always want papa to take me back in the winter. Brownlows is very nice, but it is not so much of a house after all."

"It was a different name then," said Mrs. Swayne, significantly; "some on us never can think on the new name; and I don't think as you'd like living in a bit of a poky town after this, if your papa was to let you try."

"On the contrary, I should like it excessively," said Sara, with much haughtiness; and then she gave Mrs. Swayne a condescending little nod, and drew up a corner of her dress, which had drooped upon the snow. "I hope your lodgers will be nice, and that you will take down your ticket," she said; "but I must go now to see my poor people." Mrs. Swayne was so startled by the sudden but affable majesty with which the young lady turned away, that she almost dropped her curtsy in her surprise. But in fact she only dropped her handkerchief, which was as large as a towel, and which she had a way of holding rolled up like a ball in her hand. It was quite true that the old family had been of little use to anybody at Dewsbury; and that they were almost squalid in their poverty and pretensions and unrespected misfortune before they went away; and that all the little jobs in carpentry which kept Mr. Swayne in employment had been wanting during the old regime; in short, it was on Brownlows, so to speak — on the shelves and stands, and pegs and bits of cupboard, and countless repairs which were always wanting in the now prosperous house — that Swayne's Cottages had been built. This, however, did not make his wife compunctious. She watched Sara's active footsteps over the snow, and saw her pretty figure disappear into the white waste, and was glad she had given her that sting. To keep this old family bottled up, and give the new people a little dose from time to time of the nauseous residue, was one of her pleasures. She went in and arranged the card more prominently in her parlour window, and felt glad that she had put it there; and then she went and sat with her poor neighbour next door, and railed at the impudent little thing in her furs and velvets, whom the foolish father made such an idol of. But she made her poor neighbour's tea all the same, and frightened away the children, and did the woman good, not being bad any more than most people are who cherish a little comfortable animosity against the nearest great folks. Mrs. Swayne, however, not being democratic, was chiefly affected by the fact that the

Masterton lawyer's family had no right to be great folks, which was a reasonable grievance in its way.

As for Sara, she went off through the snow, feeling hot at heart with this little encounter, though her feet were cold with standing still. Why had she stood still to be insulted? this was what Sara asked herself; for, after all, Mrs. Swayne was nothing to her, and what could it matter to Brownlows whether or not she had a bill in her window? But yet unconsciously it led her thoughts to a consideration of her present home — to the difference between it and her father's house at Masterton, to all the fairy change which, within the bounds of her own recollection, had passed upon her life. Supposing anything was to happen, as things continually happened to men in business — supposing some bank was to fail, or some railway to break down — a thing which occurred every day — and her papa should lose all his money? Would she really be quite content to go back to the brick house in which she was born? Sara thought it over with a great deal of gravity. In case of such an event happening (and, to be sure, nothing was more likely), she felt that she would greatly prefer total ruin. Total ruin meant instant retirement to a cottage with or without roses — with only two, or perhaps only one servant — where she would be obliged, with her own hands, to make little dishes for poor papa, and sew the buttons on his shirts, and perhaps milk a very pretty little Alderney cow, and make beautiful little pats of butter for his delectation. This Sara felt that she was equal to. Let the bank or the railway break down to-morrow, and the devoted daughter was ready to go forth with her beloved parent. She smiled to herself at the thought that such a misfortune could alarm her. What was money? she said to herself; and Sara could not but feel that it was quite necessary to take this plan into full consideration in all its details, for nobody could tell at what moment it might be necessary to put it in practice. As for the house at Masterton, that was quite a different matter, which she did not see any occasion for considering. If papa was ruined, of course he would have to give up everything, and the Masterton house would be as impossible as Brownlows; and so long as he was not ruined, of course everything would go on as usual. Thus Sara pursued her way cheerfully, feeling that a possible new future had opened upon her, and that she had perceived and accepted her duty in it, and was prepared for whatever might happen. If Mr. Brownlow returned that very night, and said, "I am a ruined man," Sara felt that she was able to go up to him, and say, "Papa, you have still your children;" and the thought was so far from depressing her that she went on very cheerfully, and held her head high, and looked at everybody she met with a certain affability, as if she were the queen of that country. And, to tell the truth, such people as she met were not unwilling to acknowledge

her claims. There were many who thought her the prettiest girl in Dewsbury parish, and there could be no doubt that she was the richest and most magnificent. If it had been known what heroic sentiments were in her heart, no doubt it would have deepened the general admiration; but at least she knew them herself, and that is always a great matter. To have your mind made up as to what you must and will do in case of a sudden and at present uncertain, but on the whole quite possible change of fortune, is a thing to be very thankful for. Sara felt that, considering this suddenly revealed prospect of ruin, it perhaps was not quite prudent to promise future bounties to her poor pensioners; but she did it all the same, thinking that surely somehow she could manage to get her promises fulfilled, through the means of admiring friends or such faithful retainers as might be called forth by the occasion — true knights, who would do anything or everything for her. Thus her course of visits ended quite pleasantly to everybody concerned, and that glow of generosity and magnanimity about her heart made her even more liberal than usual, which was very satisfactory to the poor people. When she had turned back and was on her way home, she encountered the carrier's cart on its way from Masterton. It was a covered wagon, and sometimes, though very rarely, it was used as a means of travelling from one place in the neighbourhood to another by people who could not afford more expensive conveyances. There were two such people in it now who attracted Sara's attention — one an elderly woman, tall and dark, and somewhat gaunt in her appearance; the other a girl about Sara's own age, with very dark brown hair cut short and lying in rings upon her forehead like a boy's. She had eyes as dark as her hair, and was closely wrapped in a red cloak, and regarded by her companion with tender and anxious looks, to which her paleness and fragile appearance gave a ready explanation. "It ain't the speediest way of travelling, for I've a long round to make, Miss, afore I gets where they're a-going," said the carrier; "they'd a'most done better to walk, and so I told 'em. But I reckon the young un ain't fit, and they're tired like, and it's mortal cold." Sara walked on remorseful after this encounter, half ashamed of her furs, which she did not want — she, whose blood danced in her veins, and who was warm all over with health and comfort, and happiness and pleasant thoughts. And then it occurred to her to wonder whether, if papa were ruined, he and his devoted child would ever have to travel in a carrier's cart, and go round and round a whole parish in the cold before they came to their destination. "But then we could walk," Sara said to herself as she went briskly up the avenue, and saw the bright fire blinking in her own window, where her maid was laying out her evening dress. This, after all, felt a great deal more natural even than the cottage with the roses, and put out of her mind all thought of a dreary journey in the carrier's cart.

## CHAPTER VI. — AN ADVENTURE.

JACK in the mean time was on the ice.

Dewsbury Mere was bearing, which was a wonder, considering how lately the frost had set in: and a pretty scene it was, though as yet some of the other magnates of the parish, as well as Sara, were absent. It was a round bit of ornamental water, partly natural, partly artificial, touching upon the village green at one side, and on the other side bordered by some fine elm-trees, underneath which in summer much of the lovmaking of the parish was performed. The church with its pretty spire was visible through the bare branches of the plantation, which backed the elm-trees like a little host of retainers; and on the other side — the village side — glittering over the green in the centre of all the lower and humbler dwellings you could see the Stanmores' house, which was very tall and very red, and glistened all over with reflections from the brass knobs on the door, and the twinkling glass of the windows, and even from the polished holly leaves which all but blocked up the entrance. The village people were in full possession of the Mere without the *gêne* imposed by the presence of Lady Hetherton or Mrs. Keppel. Fanny Harcastle, who, if the great people had been there, would have pinned herself on tremblingly to their skirts and lost the fun, was now in the heart of it, not despising young Stanmore's attentions, nor feeling herself painfully above the doctor's wife; and thus rosy and blooming and gay, looked a very different creature from the blue little Fanny whom old Lady Hetherton, had she been there, would have awed into cold and propriety. And the doctor's wife, though she was not exactly in society, was a piquant little woman, and the curate was stalwart, if not interesting, very muscular, and slow to commit himself in the way of speech. Besides, there were many people of whom no account was made in Dewsbury, who enjoyed the ice, and knew how to conduct themselves upon it, and looked just as well as if they had been young squires and squires. Jack Brownlow came into the midst of them cordially, and thought there were many more pretty faces visible than were to be seen in more select circles, and was not in the least appalled by the discovery that the prettiest of all was the corn-factor's daughter in the village. When little Polly Huntly from the baker's wavered on her slide, and was near falling, it was Jack who caught her, and his friendliness put some very silly thoughts into the poor little girl's head; but Jack was thinking of no such vanity. He was as pleased to see the pretty faces about as a right-thinking young man ought to be, but he felt that he had a great many other things to think of for his part, and gave very sensible advice, as has been already seen, to other young fellows of less thoroughly established principles. Jack was not only fancy free, but in principle he was opposed to all that sort of thing. His opinion was, that for anybody less than a young duke

or more than an artisan to marry under thirty, was a kind of social and moral suicide. I do not pretend to justify or defend his opinions, but such were his opinions, and he made no secret of them. He was a young fellow with a great many things to do in this world, or at least so he thought. Though he was only a country solicitor's son, he had notions in his head, and there was no saying what he did not aspire to; and to throw everything away for the sake of a girl's pretty face, seemed to him a proceeding little short of idiocy. All this he had expounded to many persons of a different way of thinking; and indeed the only moments in which he felt inclined to cast aside his creed were when he found it taken up and advocated by other men of the same opinion, but probably less sense of delicacy than himself.

"Where is your father?" said Mr. Hardcastle; "he used to be as fond as any one of the ice. Gone to business!—he'll kill himself if he goes on going to business like this all the year round, every day."

"Oh, no," said Jack, "he'll not kill himself; all the same, he might have come, and so would Sara, had we known the Mere was bearing. I did not think it possible there could have been such good ice to-day."

"Not Sara," said the Rector; "this sort of thing is not the thing for her. The village folks are all very well, and in the exercise of my profession I see a great deal of them. But not for Sara, my dear boy—this sort of thing is not in her way."

"Why, Fanny is here," said Jack, opening his eyes.

"Fanny is different," said Mr. Hardcastle; "clergywomen have got to be friendly with their poor neighbours—but Sara, who will be an heiress—"

"Is she to be an heiress?" said Jack, with a laugh which could not but sound a little peculiar. "I am sure I don't mind if she is; but I think we may let the future take care of itself. The presence of the cads would not hurt her any more than they hurt me."

"Don't speak of cads," said the Rector, "to me; they are all equal—human beings among whom I have lived and laboured. Of course it is natural that you should look on them differently. Jack, can you tell me what it is that keeps young Keppel so long about Ridley? What interest has he in remaining here?"

"The hounds, I suppose," said Jack, curtly, not caring to be questioned.

"Oh, the hounds!" repeated Mr. Hardcastle, with a dubious tone. "I suppose it must be that—and nothing particular to do in town. You were quite right, Jack, to stick to your father's business. A briefless barrister is one of the most hopeless wretches in the world."

"I don't think you always thought so, sir," said Jack; but here is an opening, and I'll see you again." He had not come there to talk to the parson. When he had gone flying across the Mere, thinking of nothing at all but the plea-

sure of the motion, and had skirted it round and round, and made figures of 8, and done all the gambols common to a first outbreak, he stopped himself at a corner where Fanny Hardcastle, whom her father had been leading about, was standing with young Keppel, looking very pretty with her rose cheeks and downcast eyes. Keppel had been mooning about Sara the night before, was the thought that passed through Jack's mind; and what right had he to give Fanny Hardcastle occasion to cast down her eyes? Perhaps it was purely on his friend's account; perhaps because he thought that girls were very hardly dealt with in never being left alone to think of anything but that confounded lovemaking; but the fact was that he disturbed them rather ruthlessly, and stood before them, balancing himself on his skates. "Get into this chair, Fanny, and I'll give you a turn of the Mere," he said; and the downcast eyes were immediately raised, and their fullest attention conferred upon him. All the humble maidens of Dewsbury at that moment cast glances of envy and yet awe at Fanny. Alice Stanmore, who was growing up, and thought herself quite old enough to receive attention in her own person, glowered at the Rector's daughter with horrible thoughts. The two young gentlemen, the envied of all observers, seemed for the moment, to the female population of the village, to have put themselves at Fanny's feet. Even Mrs. Brightbank, the doctor's little clever wife, was taken in for the moment. For the instant that energetic personage balanced in her mind the respective merits of the two candidates, and considered which it would be best for Fanny to marry; never thinking that the whole matter involved was half-a-dozen words of nonsense on Mr. Keppel's part, and on Jack Brownlow's one turn on the ice in the skater's chair.

For it was not until Fanny was seated, and being driven over the Mere, that she looked back with that little smile and saucy glance, and asked demurely, "Are you sure it is quite proper, Mr. John?"

"Not proper at all," said Jack; "for we have nobody to take care of us—neither I nor you. My papa is in Masterton at the office, and yours is busy talking to the old women. But quite as proper as listening to all the nonsense Joe Keppel may please to say."

"I listening to his nonsense!" said Fanny, as a pause occurred in their progress. "I don't know why you should think so. He said nothing that everybody might not hear. And besides, I don't listen to anybody's nonsense, nor ever did since I was born," added Fanny, with another little soft glance round into her companion's face.

"Never do," said Jack, seizing the chair with renewed vehemence, and rushing all round the Mere with it at a pace which took away Fanny's breath. When they had reached the same spot again, he came to a standstill to recover his own, and stood leaning upon the chair in which the girl sat, smiling and glowing with the un-

wonted whirl. "Just like a pair of lovers," the people said on the Mere, though they were far enough from being lovers. Just at that moment the carrier's cart came lumbering along noisily upon the hard frosty path. It was on its way then to the place where Sara met it on the road. Inside, under the arched cover, were to be seen the same two faces which Sara afterwards saw—the mother's, elderly and gaunt, and full of lines and wrinkles; the sweet face of the girl, with its red lips, and pale cheeks, and lovely eyes. The hood of the red cloak had fallen back a little, and showed the short, curling, almost black hair. A little light came into the young face at sight of all the people on the ice. As was natural, her eyes fixed first on the group so near the edge—pretty Fanny Hardcastle, and Jack, resting from his fatigue, leaning over her chair. The red lips opened with an innocent smile, and the girl pointed out the scene to her mother, whose face relaxed, too, into that momentary look of feigned interest with which an anxious watcher rewards every exertion or stir of reviving life. "What a pretty, pretty creature!" said Fanny Hardcastle, generously, yet with a little passing pang of annoyance at the interruption. Jack did not make any response. He gazed at the little traveller, without knowing it, as if she had been a creature out of another sphere. Pretty! he did not know whether she was pretty or not. What he thought was that he had never before seen such a face; and all the while the wagon lumbered on, and kept going off, until the Mere and its groups of people were left behind. And Jack Brownlow got to his post again, as if nothing had happened. He drove Fanny round and round until she grew dizzy, and then he rushed back to the field and cut all kind of figures, and executed every possible gambol that skates will lend themselves to. But, oddly enough, all the while he could not get it out of his head how strange it must look to go through the world like that in a carrier's cart. It seemed a sort of new view of life to Jack altogether, and no doubt that was why it attracted him. People who had so little sense of the importance of time, and so great a sense of the importance of money, as to jog along over the whole breadth of the parish in a frosty winter afternoon, by way of saving a few shillings—and one of them so delicate and fragile, with such a face, such soft little rings of dark hair on the forehead, such sweet eyes, such a soft little smile! Jack did not think he had much imagination, yet he could not help picturing to himself how the country must look as they passed through; all the long bare stretches of wood, and the houses here and there, and how the Mere must have flashed upon them to brighten up the tedious panorama; and then the ring of the horse's hoofs on the road, and their breath steaming up into the air, and the crack of the carrier's whip as he walked beside them. Jack, who dashed along in his dogcart the quickest way, or rode his horse still faster through the well-known lanes, could not but

linger on this imagination with the most curious sense of interest and novelty. "It must be poverty," he said to himself; and it was all he could do to keep the words from being spoken out loud.

As for Fanny, I am afraid she never thought again of the poor travellers in the carrier's cart. When the red sunset clouds were gathering in the sky, her father, who was very tender of her, drew her hand within his arm, and took her home. "You have had enough of it," he said, though she did not think so; and when they turned their backs on the village, and took the path towards the rectory under the bare elms, which stood like pillars of ebony in a golden palace against the setting sun, Mr. Hardcastle added a little word of warning. "My love," he said—for he too, like Mr. Brownlow, thought there was nobody like his child—"you must not put nonsense into these young fellows' heads."

"I put nonsense into their heads," cried Fanny, feeling, with a slight thrill of self-abasement, that probably it was quite the other way. "Not a doubt about it," said the Rector; "and so far as Jack Brownlow is concerned, I don't know that I should object much; but I don't want to lose my little girl yet awhile; I don't know what I should do all alone in the house."

"Oh papa, I will never leave you," cried Fanny. She meant it, and even, which is more, believed it for the moment. Was he not more to her than all the young men that had ever been dreamed of? But yet it was rather agreeable to Fanny to think that she was suspected of putting nonsense into their heads. She liked the imputation, as indeed most people do, both men and women; and she liked the position—the only lady, with all that was most attractive in the parish at her feet; for Sir Charles Hetherington was considered by most people as very far from bright. And then the recollection of her rapid whirl across the ice came over her like a warm glow of pleasant recollection as she dressed for the evening. It would be nice to have them come in, to talk it all over after dinner—very nice to have little parties, like the last night's party at Brownlows; and notwithstanding her devotion to her father, after they had dined, and she had gone alone into the drawing-room, Fanny could not but find it dull. There was neither girl to gossip with, nor man into whose head it would be any satisfaction to put nonsense, near the Rectory, from whom a familiar visit might be expected; and, after the day's amusement, the silent evening, with papa downstairs enjoying his after-dinner doze in his chair, was far from lively. But it did not occur to Fanny to frame any conjectures upon the two travellers who had looked momentarily out upon her from the carrier's cart.

As for Jack Brownlow, he had a tolerably long walk before him. In summer he would have crossed the park, which much reduced the distance, but, in the dark and through the

snow, he thought it expedient to keep the high-road, which was a long way round. He went off very briskly, with the straps of his skates over his shoulder, whistling occasionally, but not from want of thought. Indeed, he had a great many things to think of—the ice itself for one thing, and the pleasant run he had given little Fanny, and the contemptible vacillations of that fellow Keppel from one pretty girl to another, and the office and his work, and a rather curious case which had lately come under his hands. All this occupied him as he went home, while the sunset skies gradually faded. He passed from one thing to another with an unfettered mind, and more than once there just glanced across his thoughts, a momentary wonder, where would the carrier's cart be now? Had it got home yet, delivered all its parcels, and deposited its passengers? Had it called at Brownlows to leave his cigars, which ought to have arrived a week ago? That poor little pale face—how tired the little creature must be! and how cold! and then the mother. He would never have thought of them again but for that curious way of moving about, of all ways in the world, among the parcels in the carrier's cart.

This speculation had returned to his mind as he came in sight of the park-gates. It was quite dark by this time, but the moon was up overhead, and the road was very visible on either side of that little black block of Swayne's Cottages, which threw a shadow across almost to the frosted silver gates. Something, however, was going on in this bit of shadow. A large black movable object stood in the midst of it; and from Mrs. Swayne's door a lively ray of red light fell across the snow. Then by degrees Jack identified the horses, with their steaming breath, and the waggon-wheel upon which the light fell. He said "by Jove" out loud as he stood at the gate and found out what it was. It was the very carrier's cart of which he had been thinking, and some mysterious transaction was going on in the darkness which he could only guess at vaguely. Something or somebody was being made to descend from the waggon, which some sudden swaying of the horses made difficult. Jack took his cigar from his lips to hear and see the better, and stood and gazed with the vulgarlest curiosity. Even the carrier's cart was something to take note of on the road at Brownlows. But when that sudden cry followed, he tossed his cigar away and his skates along with it, and crossed the road in two long steps, to the peril of his equilibrium. Somehow he had divined what was happening. He made a stride into the thick of it, and it was he who lifted up the little figure in the red cloak which had slipped and fallen on the snow. It was natural, for he was the only man about. The carrier was at his horses' heads to keep them steady; Mrs. Swayne stood on the steps, afraid to move lest she too should slip; and as for the girl's mother, she was benumbed and stupefied, and could only raise her child up

half-way from the ground, and beg somebody to help. Jack got her up in his arms, and pushed Mrs. Swayne out of his way, and carried her in. "Is it here she is to go?" he cried over his shoulder as he took her into the parlour, where the card hung in the window, and the fire was burning. There was nothing in it but firelight, which cast a hue of life upon the poor little traveller's face. And then she had not fainted, but blushed and gasped with pain and confusion. "Oh, thank you, that will do," she cried—"that will do." And then the others fell upon her, who had come in a procession behind, when he set her down. He was so startled himself that he stood still, which was a thing he scarcely would have done had he known what he was about, and looked over their heads and gaped at her. He had put her down in a kind of easy-chair, and there she lay, her face changing from red to pale. Pale enough it was now, while Jack, made by his astonishment into a mere wondering, curious boy, stood with his mouth open and watched. He was not consciously thinking how pretty she was; he was wondering if she had hurt herself, which was a much more sensible thought; but still, of course, he perceived it, though he was not thinking of it. Curls are common enough, you know, but it is not often you see those soft rings, which are so much longer than they look; and the eyes so limpid and liquid all through, yet strained, and pathetic, and weary—a great deal too limpid, as anybody who knew anything about it might have known at a glance. She made a little movement, and gave a cry, and grew red once more, this time with pain, and then as white as the snow. "Oh, my foot, my foot," she cried, in a piteous voice. The sound of words brought Jack to himself. "I'll wait outside, Mrs. Swayne," he said, "and if the doctor's wanted I'll fetch him; let me know." And then he went out and had a talk with the carrier, and waited. The carrier knew very little about his passenger. He reckoned the young un was delicate—it was along of this here brute swerving when he hadn't ought to—but it couldn't be no more than a sprain. Such was Hobson's opinion. Jack waited, however, a little bewildered in his intellects, till Mrs. Swayne came out to say his services were not needed, and that it was a sprain, and could be mended by ordinary female remedies. Then young Mr. Brownlow got Hobson's lantern, and searched for his skates, and flung them over his shoulders. How queer they should have come here—how odd to think of that little face peeping out at Mrs. Swayne's window—how droll that he should have been on the spot just at that moment; and yet it was neither queer nor droll to Jack, but confused his head somehow, and gave him a strange sort of half-commotion in the region of his heart. It is all very well to be sensible, but yet there is certainly something in it when an adventure like this happens, not to Keppel, or that sort of fellow, but actually to yourself.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE FATHER'S DAY AT THE OFFICE.

WHILE Sara and Jack were thus enjoying themselves, Mr. Brownlow went quietly in to his business—very quietly, in the dogcart, with his man driving, who was very steady, and looked as comfortable as his master. Mr. Brownlow was rather pleased not to have his son's company that morning; he had something to do which he could scarcely have done had Jack been there—business which was quite justifiable, and indeed right, but which it would have been a disagreeable matter to have explained to Jack. His mind was much more intent upon his own affairs than were those of either of his children on theirs. They had so much time in life to do all they meant to do, that they could afford to set out leisurely, and go forth upon the world with a sweet vacancy in their minds, ready for anything that might turn up; but with Mr. Brownlow it was not so: his objects had grown to be very clear before him. He was not so old as to feel the pains or weariness or languor of age. He was almost as able to enjoy, and perhaps better able to do, in the way of his profession at least, than was young Jack. The difference was, that Mr. Brownlow lived only in the present; the future had gradually been cut off, as it were, before him. There was one certainty in his path somewhere a little in advance, but nothing else that could be counted upon, so that whatever he had to do, and anything he might have to enjoy, presented themselves with double clearness in the limited perspective. [It was the only time in his life that he had felt the full meaning of the word "Now." The present was his possession, his day in which he lived and worked, with plenty of space behind to go back upon, but nothing reliable before. This gave not only a vividness and distinct character, but also a promptitude, to his actions, scarcely possible to a younger man. To-day was his, but not to-morrow; whereas to Jack and his contemporaries to-morrow was always the real day, never the moment in which they lived.]

When Mr. Brownlow reached his office, the first thing he did was to send for a man who was a character in Masterton. He was called by various names, and it was not very certain which belonged to him, or indeed if any belonged to him. He was called Inspector Polaky by many people who were in the habit of reading the papers; but of course he was not that distinguished man. He was called detective and thief-taker, and many other injurious epithets, and he was a man whom John Brownlow had had occasion to consult before now on matters of business. He was sent for that morning, and he had a long conversation with Mr. Brownlow in his private room. He was that sort of man that understands what people mean even when they do not speak very plainly, and naturally he took up at once the lawyer's object and pledged

himself to pursue it. "You shall have some information on the subject probably this afternoon, sir," he said as he went away. After this visit Mr. Brownlow went about his own business with great steadiness and precision, and cast his eyes over his son's work, and was very particular with the clerks—more than ordinarily particular. It was his way, for he was an admirable business man at all times; but still he was unusually energetic that day. And they were all a little excited about Polaky, as they called him, what commission he might have received, and which case he might be wanted about. At the time when he usually had his glass of sherry, Mr. Brownlow went out; he did not want his mid-day biscuit. He was a little out of sorts, and he thought a walk would do him good; but instead of going down to Barnes's Pool or across the river to the Meadows, which had been lately flooded, and now were one sheet of ice, places which all the clerks supposed to be the most attractive spots for twenty miles round, he took the way of the town and went up into Masterton. He was going to pay a visit, and it was a most unusual one. He was going to see his wife's mother, old Mrs. Fennell, for whom he had no love. It was a thing he did not do for years together, but having been somehow in his own mind thoroughly worked up to it, he took the occasion of Jack's absence and went that day.

Mrs. Fennell was sitting in her drawing-room with only her second-best cap on, and with less than her second-best temper. If she had known he was coming she would have received him with a very different state, and she was mortified by her unpreparedness. Also her dinner was ready. As for Mr. Brownlow, he was not thinking of dinners. He had something on his mind, and it was his object to conceal that he had anything on his mind—a matter less difficult to a man of his profession than to ordinary mortals. But what he said was that he was anxious chiefly to know if his mother-in-law was comfortable, and if she had everything according to her desires.

Mrs. Fennell smiled at this inquiry. She smiled, but she rushed into a thousand grievances. Her lodgings were not to her mind, nor her position. Sara, the little puss, had carriages when she pleased, but her grandmamma never had any conveyance at her disposal to take the air in. And the people of the house were very inattentive, and Nancy—but here the old woman, who was clever, put a sudden stop to herself and drew up and said no more. She knew that to complain of Nancy would be of no particular advantage to her, for Mr. Brownlow was not fond of old Mrs. Thomson's maid, and was as likely as not to propose that she should be pensioned and sent away.

"I have told you before," said Mr. Brownlow, "that the brougham should be sent down for you when you want to go out if you will only let me know in time. What Sara has is nothing—or you can have a fly; but it is not fit weather for you to go out at your age."



"You are not so very young yourself, John Brownlow," said the old lady, with a little offence.

"No indeed—far from it—and that is what makes me think," he said abruptly; and then made a pause which she did not understand, referring evidently to something in his own mind. "Did you ever know anybody of the name of Powys in the Isle of Man?" he resumed, with a certain nervous haste, and an effort which brought heat and colour to his face.

"Powys!" said Mrs. Fennell. "I've heard the name; but I think it was Liverpool-ways and not in the Isle of Man. It's a Welsh name. No; I never knew any Powyses. Do you?"

"It was only some one I met," said Mr. Brownlow, "who had relations in the Isle of Man. Do you know of nobody who married there and left? Knowing that you came from that quarter, somebody was asking me."

"I don't know of anybody but one," said the old woman—"one that would make a deal of difference if she were to come back now."

"You mean the woman Phoebe Thomson?" said Mr. Brownlow, sternly. "It is a very strange thing to me that her relatives should know nothing about that woman—not even whom she married or what was her name."

"She married a soldier," said Mrs. Fennell, "as I always heard. She wasn't my relation—it was poor Fennell that was her cousin. As for us, we come of very different folks; and I don't doubt as her name might have been found out," said the old woman, nodding her spiteful old head. Mr. Brownlow kept his temper, but it was by a kind of miracle. This was the sort of thing which he was always subject to on his rare visits to his mother-in-law. "It's for some folks' good that her name couldn't be found out," added the old woman, with another significant nod.

"It would have been for some folks' good if they had never heard of her," said Mr. Brownlow. "I wish a hundred times in a year that I had never administered or taken any notice of the old hag's bequest. Then it would have gone to the Crown, I suppose, and all this trouble would have been spared."

"Other things would have had to be spared as well," said Mrs. Fennell, in her taunting voice.

"I should have known what was my own and what was not, and my children would have been in no false position," said Mr. Brownlow, with energy, "but now—" Here he stopped short, and his looks alarmed his companion, unsympathetic as she was. She loved to have this means of taunting and keeping down his pride, as she said; but her grandchildren's advantage was to a certain extent her own, and the thought of injury to them was alarming, and turned her thoughts into another channel. She took fright at the idea of Phoebe Thomson when she saw Mr. Brownlow's face.

It was the first time it had ever occurred to her as possible that he, a gentleman, a lawyer, and a clever man, might possibly have after all to give up to Phoebe Thomson should that poor and despised woman ever turn up.

"But she couldn't take the law of you?" Mrs. Fennell said, with a gasp. "She wouldn't know any thing about it. I may talk disagreeable by times, and I own that we never were fond of each other, you and I, John Brownlow; but I'm not the woman that would ever let on to her, to harm my poor Bessie's children—not I—not if she was to come back this very day."

It is useless to deny that Mr. Brownlow's face at that moment looked as if he would have liked to strangle the old woman; but he only made an indignant movement, and looked at her with rage and indignation, which did her no harm. And, poor man, in his excitement perhaps it was not quite true what he himself said—

"If she should come back this very day, it would be your duty to send her to me instantly, that I might give up her mother's trust into her hands," he said. "You may be sure I will never permit poor Bessie's children to enjoy what belongs to another." And then he made a pause and his voice changed. "After all, I suppose you know just as little of her as I do. Did you ever see her?" he said.

"Well, no; I can't say I ever did," said Mrs. Fennell, cowed for the moment.

"Nor Nancy?" said Mr. Brownlow; "you two would be safe guides certainly. And you know of nobody else who left the Isle of Man and married—no relation of Fennell's or of yours?"

"Nobody I know of," said the old woman peevishly, after a pause. "There might be dozens; but us and the Thomsons and all belonging to us, we've been out of the Isle of Man for nigh upon fifty years."

After that Mr. Brownlow went away. He had got no information, no satisfaction, and yet he had made no discovery, which was a kind of negative comfort in its way; but it was clear that his mother-in-law, though she made so much use of Phoebe Thomson's name, was utterly unable to give him any assistance either in discovering the real Phoebe Thomson or in exposing any false pretender. He went across the Market Place over the crisp snow in the sunshine with all his faculties, as it were, crisped and sharpened like the air he breathed. This was all the effect as yet which the frosts of age had upon him. He had all his powers unimpaired, and more entirely serviceable and under command than ever they were. He could trust himself not to betray himself, to keep counsel, and act with deliberation, and do nothing hastily. Thus, though his enemies were as yet unknown and unrecognized, and consequently all the more dangerous, he had confidence in his own army of defence, which was a great matter. He returned to his office, and to his business, and was as clear-headed

and self-possessed, and capable of paying attention to the affairs of his clients, as if he had nothing particular in this own to occupy him. And the only help he got from circumstances was that which was given him by the frost, which had happily interfered this day of all others to detain Jack. Jack was not his father's favourite child; he was not, as Sara was, the apple of John Brownlow's eye; and yet the lawyer appreciated, and did justice to, as well as loved, his son, in a just and natural way. He felt that Jack's quick eye would have found out that there was something more than usual going on. He knew that his visit to Mrs. Fennell and his unexplained conference with the man of mystery would not have been passed over by Jack without notice; and at the young man's hasty, impetuous time of life, prudence was not to be expected or even desired. If Jack thought it possible that Phoebe Thomson was to be found within a hundred miles, no doubt he would make off without a moment's thought and hunt her up, and put his own fortune, and what was more, Sara's, eagerly into her hands. This was what Jack would do, and Mr. Brownlow was glad in his heart that Jack would be sure to do it; but yet it might be a very different course which he himself, after much thought and consideration, might think it best to take.

He was long in his office that night, and worked very hard — indeed he would have been almost alone before he left but that one of the clerks had some extra work to do, and another had stayed to keep him company; so that two of them were still there when Inspector Pollaky, as they called him, came back. It was quite late, too late for the ice, or the young men would not have waited — half an hour later at least than the usual time at which Mr. Brownlow left the office. And he closed his door carefully behind his mysterious visitor, and made sure that it was securely shut before he began to talk to him, which naturally was a thing that excited much wondering between the young men.

"Young Jack been a naughty boy?" said one to the other; then they listened, but heard nothing. "More likely some fellow going in for Miss Brownlow, and he wants to pick holes in him," said the second. But when half an hour passed and everything continued very undisturbed, they betook themselves to their usual talk. "I suppose it's about the Worsley case," they said, and straightway Inspector Pollaky lost interest in their eyes. So long as it was only a client's business it did not matter. Not for such commonplace concerns would the young heroes of John Brownlow's office interrupt the even tenor of their way.

"I suppose you have brought me some news," said Mr. Brownlow; "come near the fire. Take a chair, it is bitterly cold. I scarcely expected you so soon as to-day."

"Bless you, sir, it's as easy as easy," said the mysterious man — "disgusting easy. If there's anybody that I despise in this world, it's

folks that have nothing to conceal. They're all on the surface, them folks are. You can take and read them clear off, through and through."

"Well?" said Mr. Brownlow. He turned his face a little away from the light that he might not be spied too closely, though there was not in reality any self-betrayal in his face. His lips were a little white and more compressed than usual, that was all.

"Well, sir, for the first thing, it's all quite true," said the man. "There's seven of a family — the mother comely-like still, but older nor might be expected. Poor, awful poor, but making the best of it — keeping their hearts up as far as I could see. The young fellow helping too, and striving his best. I shouldn't say as they had much of a dinner to-day; but as cheerful as cheerful, and as far as I could see—"

"Was this all you discovered?" said Mr. Brownlow, severely.

"I am coming to the rest, sir," said the detective, "and you'll say as I've forgotten nothing. The father, which is dead, was once in the Life Guards. He was one of them sprigs as is to be met with there — run away out of a good family. He come from London first as far as she knows; and then they were ordered to Windsor, and then they went to Canada; but I've got the thread, Mr. Brownlow — I've got the thread. This poor fellow of a soldier got letters regular for a long time from Wales, she says — postmark was St. Asaphs. Often and often she said as she'd go with him, and see who it was as wrote to her so often. I've been thereabouts myself in the way of my business, and I know there's Powyses as thick as blackberries — that's point number one. Second point was, he always called himself a Welshman and kept St. David's Day. If he'd lived longer he'd have been sent up for promotion, and gone out of the ranks."

"And then? — but go on in your own way, I want to hear it all," said Mr. Brownlow. He was getting more and more excited; and yet somehow it was a kind of pleasure to him to feel that his informant was wasting time upon utterly insignificant details. Surely if the detective suspected nothing, it must be that there was nothing to suspect.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's about where it is; he was one of the Powyses; naturally the children is Powyses too. But he died afore he went up for promotion; and now they're come a-seeking of their friends. It ain't no credit to me to be employed on such an easy case. The only thing that would put a little credit in it would be, if you'd give me just a bit of a hint what was wanted. If their friends want 'em I'll engage to put 'em on the scent. If their friends don't want 'em — as wouldn't be no wonder; for folks may have a kindness for a brother or a son as is wild, and yet they mightn't be best pleased to hear of a widow a-comeing with seven children — if they ain't wanted a word will do it, and no questions asked."

John Brownlow gave the man a sharp glance, and then he fell a-musing, as if he was considering whether to give him this hint or not. In reality, he was contemplating, with a mixture of impatience and vexation and content, the total misconception of his object which his emissary had taken up. He was exasperated by his stupidity, and yet he felt a kind of gratitude to him, and relief, as if a danger had been escaped.

"And what of the woman herself?" he said, in a tone which, in spite of him, trembled a little.

"Oh, the woman," said the detective, carelessly; "some bit of a girl as he married, and as was pretty, I don't doubt, in her day. There's nothin' particular about her. She's very fond of her children, and very free in her talk, like most women when you take 'em the right way. Bless you, sir, when I started her talking of her husband, it was all that I could do to get her to leave off. She don't think she's got anything to hide. He was a gentleman, that's clear. He wouldn't have been near so frank about himself, I'll be bound. She ain't a lady exactly, but there's something about her—an awful open in her way, with them front teeth—"

"Has she got front teeth?" said Mr. Brownlow, with some eagerness. He pitched upon it as the first personal attribute he had yet heard of, and then he added, with a little confusion, "like the boy—"

"Yes, sir—exactly like the young fellow," said his companion; "but there ain't nothing about her to interest us. She told me as she once had friends as lived in Masterton; but she's the sort of woman as don't mind much about friends as long as her children is well off; and I judge she was of well-to-do folks, that was awful put out about her marriage. A man like that, sir, might be far above her, and have friends that was far above her, and yet it's far from the kind of marriage as would satisfy well-to-do folks."

"I thought she came from the Isle of Man," said Mr. Brownlow, in what he meant for an indifferent way.

"As a child, sir—as a child," said the detective, with easy carelessness. "Her friends left there when she was but a child, and then they went where there was a garrison, where she met with her good gentleman. She was never in Masterton herself. It was after she was married and gone, and, I rather think, cast off by all belonging to her, that they came to live here."

Mr. Brownlow sat leaning over the fire, and a heavy moisture began to rise on his forehead. The speaker was so careless, and yet these calm details seemed to him so terrible. Could it be that he was making terrors for himself—that the man experienced in mystery was right in being so certain that there was no mystery here—or must he accept the awful circumstantial evidence of these simple particulars? Could there be more than one family which had

left the Isle of Man so long ago, and gone to live where there was a garrison, and abandoned its silly daughter when she married her soldier? Mr. Brownlow was stupefied, and did not know what to think. He sat and listened while this man whom he had called to his assistance went over again all the facts that seemed to point out that the connection of the family with the Powyses of North Wales was the one thing either to be brought forward or got rid of. This was how he had understood his instructions, and he had carried them out so fully that his employer, fully occupied with the incidental information which seemed to prove all he feared, heard his voice run on without remarking it, and would have told him to stop the babble to which he was giving vent, had his thoughts been sufficiently at leisure to care for what he was saying. When he fully perceived this mistake, Mr. Brownlow looked upon it as "providential," as people say. But, in the mean time, he was not conscious of anything, except of a possibility still more clear and possible, and of a ridiculous misconception which still it was not his interest to clear up. He let his detective talk, and then he let him go, but half satisfied, and inclined to think that no confidence was reposed in him. And though it was so late, and the brougham was at the door, and the servants very tired of their unusual detention, Mr. Brownlow went back again to the fire, and bent over it, and stretched out his hands to the blaze, and again tried to think. He went over the same ideas a hundred times, and yet they did not seem to grow any clearer to him. He tried to ask himself what was his duty, but duty slunk away, as it were, to the very recesses of his soul, and gave no impulse to his mind, nor so much as showed itself in the darkness.

If this should turn out to be true, no doubt there were certain things which he ought to do; and yet, if all this could but be banished for a while, and the year got over which would bring safety—Mr. Brownlow had never in all his life before done what he knew to be a dishonourable action. He was not openly contemplating such a thing now; only somehow his possessions seemed so much more his than anybody else's; it seemed as if he had so much better right to the good things he had been enjoying for four-and-twenty years than any woman could have who had never possessed them—who knew nothing about them. And then he did not know that it was this woman. He said to himself that he had really no reason to think so. The young man had said nothing about old Mrs. Thomson. The detective had never even suspected any mystery in that quarter, though he was a man of mystery, and it was his business to suspect everything. This was what he was thinking when he went back to the fire in his office, and stretched his hands over the blaze. Emotion of any kind somehow chills the physical frame; but when one of the detained clerks came to inform him of the patient brougham which waited outside, and which

Sara, by reason of the cold, had sent for him, it was the opinion of the young man that Mr. Brownlow was beginning to age rapidly, and that he looked quite old that evening. But he did not look old; he looked, if any one had been there with eyes to see it, like a man for the first time in his life driven to bay. Some men come to that moment in their lives sooner, some later, some never at all. John Brownlow had been more than five-and-fifty years in the world, and yet he had never been driven to bay before. And he was so now; and except to stand out and resist, and keep his face to his enemies, he did not, in the suddenness of the occurrence, see as yet what he was to do.

In the mean time, however, he had to stoop to ordinary necessities and get into his carriage and be driven home, through the white gleaming country which shone under the moonlight, carrying with him a curious perception of how different it would have been had the house in the High Street been home — had he had nothing more to do than to go up to the old drawing-room, his mother's drawing-room, and find Sara there; and eat his dinner where his father had eaten his, instead of this long drive to the great country-house, which was so much more costly and magnificent than anything his forefathers knew; but then his father, what would

he have thought of this complication? What would he have advised, had it been any client of his; nay, what, if it was a client, would Mr. Brownlow himself advise? These thoughts kept turning over in his mind half against his will as he lay back in the corner of the carriage and saw the ghostly trees glimmer past in their coating of snow. He was very late, and Sara was anxious about him; nay, even Jark was anxious, and had come down to the park gates to look out for the carriage, and also to ask how the little invalid was at Mrs. Swayne's. Jack, having this curiosity in his mind, did not pay much attention to his father's looks; but Sara, with a girl's quick perception, saw there was something unusual in his face; and with her usual rapidity she leaped to the conclusion that the bank must have broken or the railway gone wrong of which she had dreamt in the morning. Thus they all met at table with a great deal on their minds; and this day, which I have recorded with painstaking minuteness, in order that there may be no future doubt as to its importance in the history, came to an end with outward placidity but much internal perturbation — at least came to an end as much as any day can be said to come to an end which rises upon an unsuspecting family big with undeveloped fate.

**AN AUTHOR-BOOKSELLER.** — There are occasionally exceptions among publishers to that antagonistic character wherewith tradition proverbially invests them in their relation to authors. Now and then we find genuine literary taste inspiring a publisher, and occasionally there are amenities in the trade that somewhat atone for the sterner and more selfish qualities literary history ascribes thereto. During the war for the Union, the bookstore of Anson D. F. Randolph, in New York, was a loyal rendezvous. He published many a seasonable pamphlet of national value, and was inspired to write one of the most popular lyrics of the war — "The Color Sergeant," which had a wide circulation. As a popular church bookseller he distributed many patriotic brochures; but the spirit of his muse is essentially religious, and his verses devoted to Faith, Hope and Charity, are the unpretending and sincere overflow of sacred feelings. He is a skilful versifier and a melodious rhymers; the result is a finish and earnestness which have made his occasional verses household favourites.

But they led a wandering and precarious life, until it entered into the head and heart of a brother bookseller to collect and re-issue them. This neighbourly service was volunteered and done in a spirit of generous appreciation delightful to recognize; and "Hopefully Waiting, and Other Verses," in a neat little quarto, and printed on the finest paper and the clearest type, became quite a favourite gift book during the holidays, and will take a creditable place in the library of American poets. The author's dedication, to Charles Scribner, gracefully tells this charming episode in the "trade" life of Gotham.

"I desire that the public should know, my dear Scribner, that this little volume has been made at your request; and that but for you I would have been content with such circulation as these verses have already had in the newspapers and magazines of our country." — *Transcript.*

From the Christian Observer.

TYNDALE'S MEMORIAL — MOMUMENTS TO MARTYRS.

WE are sure that our readers will be gratified if we bring before them an account of the memorials to our martyrs to be found in England; and with it a short notice of the opening of the Tyndale memorial column on the summit of Nibley Knoll, Gloucestershire, the place of Tyndale's birth, which took place on the 6th of November last. The lofty column is a commanding object for miles around, and at a short distance resembles the round towers of Ireland. Time was, and that not long ago, when not one monument of recent date was to be found in all England to our noble army of martyrs. Oxford led the van, in her exquisite Martyrs' Memorial, a work of the highest merit as a piece of architecture, with its three admirable statues in carved stone, of the best workmanship, of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer. This has since been followed by a memorial of Bishop Hooper at Gloucester, on the exact spot on which he was burned, just under the window through which the monks grinned with fiendish delight, as the now sainted martyr writhed in mortal agony beneath. Some years ago, the stake was drawn from the ground, sharpened at the one end and shod with iron, at the other burned to the level of the earth, which had since been slightly raised above it; but no "monument, inscription, stone" marked the place; his own cathedral had grown ashamed of the greatest of its bishops: it contained a monument to Bishop Warburton, with an inscription drawn up by his obsequious friend Hurd, of Worcester, who tells the reader that Warburton "spent his life in defending what he sincerely believed to be true—the Christian religion;" which drew from a visitor, to whom Hurd showed this choice specimen of his taste and feeling, the caustic remark, "Well, I am glad to hear that your friend did at least believe that Christianity was true."

The corporation of Gloucester, much to their honour, contributed to the monument, and we believe presented the statue of the Martyr Bishop, which is enshrined within it. The monument to Tyndale is the latest of these memorials, but we trust that it will not by any means be the last. He was a noble-minded man; the first translator of the Bible into English, when even to possess a Bible, in whatever language it might be, placed the owner's life in peril. He was the friend and adviser of Frith; when

each of them saw that a martyr's death lay before him, then it was that Tyndale wrote to him as follows:—

"I call God to record, against the day we shall appear before our Lord Jesus, to give our reckoning of our doings, that I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience, nor wold doe this day if all that is in earth, whether it be honour, pleasure, or riches might be given me."—(Foxe's Book of Martyrs, vol. ii., p. 367, folio, black letter edition.)

He was betrayed at Vilvorde, near Brussels and burned under the walls of Filford Castle in the year 1536. His monument on Nibley Knoll has on one side the following inscription "By the Rev. Robert Eden, M.A., Vicar of Wymondham, Norfolk":—

"Strong in the Lord, and in His mighty power,  
Gird on the Spirit's sword, the word of God:  
'Tis His own voice that bids: 'None like to this,  
Of heavenly temper, and 'two-edged force.'  
Deep in the sheath confin'd, as if the Sun  
Were lost in midnight, still for ages lay  
That sword celestial, while in ancient tongues  
Blind superstition kept the Scriptures lock-ed.  
Tyndale, thy dauntless toil the scabbard stript:  
Forth flew th' imprison'd word: the darkness past,  
Light shines on England: the shut Bible opes.  
Thee her peculiar pride doth Gloucester boast,  
The shire that claims thy birth: yon Severn, too,  
In sinuous glide thy name immortal bears.  
Thy highest meed on earth Vilvorde bestows  
In stake and flame: but Heaven the crown confers."

For the benefit of our classical readers, we subjoin Mr. Eden's elegant Latin verses, which are sculptured on the opposite side of the column:—

"Sumite cœlestis quem Spiritus extadit ensem,  
Nempe Dei verbum: 'vox jubet ipsa Dei:  
'illi non alter gladius se conferet.' Ast hunc  
Astrictum tenuit cœca Superstitio,  
Dum per sæcla, diu, Mysteria Sacra \* vetustis  
Abderet in linguis: Sol ibi nocte latet.  
Vagina, Tyndalle, tuus labor extrahit ensem  
Improbis: ille statim carcere missus abit.

\* "Mysteria Sacra," 1 Cor. iv. 1.



*Omnia erant Anglis tenebræ prius: orta  
deinde*

*Lux radiat terris: Biblia clausa patent.  
Te Glevensis \* ager proprium decus: iste  
Sabrina†*

*Flexibus insignis te decus annis habet.  
Ultimus in terris Vilvordius ignis honorum  
Exitit: in cœlis perficitur honor."*

Of recent memorials to our martyrs we have already exhausted the scanty list. As far as we know, there is but one other, which we dwell upon with the greatest pleasure, because it shows what may be done, and done effectually, in every parish in the kingdom in which a martyr died, at a cost which the poorest parish can afford; it is a beautiful mural monument, in the chancel of St. John's, Chester, bearing the simple inscription—

THE NOBLE ARMY OF  
MARTYRS  
PRAISE THEE.

A. X. Ω  
SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF  
GEORGE MARSH  
APRIL XXIV  
A. D. MDLV.

It was the gift of the venerable father of the present Vicar of St. John's, Chester, the oldest church perhaps in England; it succeeded still more ancient structures, which stood on the same spot long before the proud West Anglian monarch was rowed upon the Dee by seven tributary chieftains, all crowned heads. Why should not such a memorial be raised in those towns and parishes, thirty at least in number, which were honoured as the scene of the martyrdom of one of these saints of God. Yet even Cambridge has no such memorial. Why should not Coventry, which gave seven martyrs at once—one a pious widow, four shoemakers, and two others, mechanics—to the flames erect some memorial to these humble but illustrious men, and to this holy woman? What are her proud and matchless spires compared with these trophies of the grace of God, who counted it their highest honour to suffer for His name's sake?

But if no fresh monuments arise, our older ones rapidly decay. While we write, Croydon church lies waste, and the fire which

destroyed it is scarcely extinguished. The chancel, or rather the chantries, contained monuments, all more or less magnificent, of no less than six archbishops,—namely, of Archbishop Grindall, who died in 1583; Archbishop Whitgift, who died in 1603; Archbishop Sheldon, 1677; Archbishop Wake, 1736; Archbishop Potter, 1747; and Archbishop Herring, 1774. The figures were mostly recumbent, partly in marble, and partly in alabaster.

One further remark we would make before we quit this part of our subject; we deprecate the modern utilitarian notion of erecting something useful—a church, a schoolroom, or a charitable memorial—in memory of the illustrious dead. They do not answer the purpose of a simple monument; they are founded, we think upon a false estimate of human nature; the passer-by soon forgets the martyr, who should be brought to mind, and thinks only of the institution, its aim and management. Who, for instance ever gives a thought to St. George, or his dragon, when he passes St. George's Hospital? It is equally a mistake to say that a monumental pillar is useless. We would suggest that one, equal at least in size and grandeur to that of Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh, should be raised in Smithfield, and inscribed upon it there should be the names of all the martyrs who so joyfully laid down their lives upon that hallowed spot. Such things ennoble a Christian nation. They bring Him, who supported His servants under horrible tortures, enabling them to glorify God in the last moment of their existence, constantly before us, and seem to say to each, in the words which one of these martyrs has left cut with the penknife in the stone wall of his dungeon in the Tower,—“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Ancient monuments, though precious, are but few. A solitary stone on Hadleigh Common, inscribed with these words rudely carved upon it, is beyond all price:—“Here Doctor Taylor shed his blood, for defending what was good.”

Buckinghamshire gave more martyrs, it is said, to the Reformation than any county in England; but no monument has been raised in memory of any one of them. But local traditions, some of them strangely romantic, and almost always in exact agreement with John Foxe's immortal “Book of Martyrs,” in some measure supply the want. At Amersham, for instance, Taylor, the Lollard was burned, two hundred years before the cruel days of Henry VIII., and his

\* “Glevum” is the original Roman name for “Gloucester:” “Glevensis ager,” therefore would represent “Gloucestershire.”

† “Sabrina” is the Roman name for “The Severn.”

more "bloody" daughter "Mary." The priests led him to the summit of a gentle slope, which overlooks the town, and there burnt him under circumstances of horrible barbarity, compelling his own daughter to apply the fatal torch. It is said that nothing since that dismal sacrifice would ever grow upon the spot. We had an opportunity, a few years since, of testing the veracity of this tradition, and, strange as it may seem, found it to be strictly true; there was a patch of ground, slightly hollow, on which only a few pale blades were to be seen, while the rest of the field bore a thriving crop of wheat in leaf; and this we found was the site of Taylor's martyrdom and grave. The supposed miracle, however, appeared to us to be capable of a natural solution. It was probably an old chalk-pit which had been filled in with large stones, such as the field still abounds with, until the surface was reached, and then a load or two of soil had been thrown over it. The rain that fell would thus be drained away from land especially requiring moisture, and vegetation would be very poor in consequence. Adjoining Amersham lies the parish of Chesham on one side and Chesham-Bois on the other; across the fields is a footpath leading to Chesham. John Harding, the Chesham martyr, sat on a style one Sunday morning, reading King Edward's Primer, a small book of devout prayers and meditations, while the priests were "mumming in the parish church." A bigoted Papist, getting over the style, saw the book, and immediately reported him to the priests, and John Harding sealed the truth with his blood. Foxe mentions the circumstance, and we happened to repeat it before one of the neighbouring clergymen; he had not read Foxe, nor was he acquainted with the story, but he immediately exclaimed, "There is a style on that footpath, which we call 'the Martyr's Style.'" It was still in existence a few years ago, but the pathway has been recently closed, and the style removed. The exact spot on which it stood is, however, pointed out; and, indeed no passer-by, knowing the particulars of the story, could possibly mistake it. Down the hill, at the end of the town, is the Martyr's Field, which tells its own dismal story of one of that glorious band, of whom the world was not worthy, "not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection."

Painful thoughts intrude themselves, and bring us to a close. If these humble, holy men would but have consented to one-half of those Popish mummeries which are now

enacted, like stage-play buffoonery, in our parish churches, and which our bishops have no power or no disposition to put an end to, not one of them would have shed a drop of blood. When the host was lifted up, had they but fallen upon their knees and worshipped the body of Christ in the consecrated bread, everything else would have been forgiven.

May the Spirit of God open our eyes before it is too late! May He endow us with the spirit of martyrs, whether He call upon us to suffer martyrdom or not; or the candle, lighted in the fires which once flamed at Oxford, will at length be put out, and our candlestick removed. "The Lord open the King of England's eyes!" were the last words uttered by the martyr Tyndale. "Lord open the eyes of our rulers in Church and State," is the petition we re-echo, not without a painful apprehension lest it should even now be too late.

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From the Christian Observer.

#### THE APOCALYPTIC SCROLL: ANCIENT WRITING MATERIALS.

ANYTHING connected with "the writing materials" of the Bible must be interesting to the Christian student, not only historically, but hermeneutically. They are historically interesting on account of the frequent allusions made to them, as in Ex. xvii. 14, Ezra vi. 2, Esther vi. 1, Job xix. 23, Jer. iii. 2, Zech. v. 1, Matth. i. 1, Luke iv. 17, 2 Cor. iii. 2, 1 Tim. iv. 13, Rev. xx. 12. And in this connection it is curious to observe how the traditions of customs which have long ceased to exist in practice, have remained indelibly fixed in the terms of common language. Of this we have specimens in the words "style" from *stilus*, "volume" from *volvo*, "paper" from *papyrus*, "library" from *liber*, the bark of a tree, and the expression "above," or *supra*, (implying the extension of the parchment,) — all pointing to forms and usage of ancient writing.

But far more important and interesting does this study become when it bears upon actual interpretation, and throws light upon the construction of "the written Word" itself, or upon any part of that Word. A consideration of this kind seems to apply with special force to the Apocalypse, or book of "Revelation." It is well known

that this prophecy was set forth to St. John's inward sense as a scroll or "book" held in the hand of Almighty God; with these peculiarities, that it was written on both sides, and sealed with seven seals, which were broken one by one as the "book" was opened. (Rev. v. 1.) This of itself might be regarded only as an arbitrary arrangement; but when we come to see how closely the *matter* is connected with this form, it would appear that much of our success in understanding this mysterious portion of Holy Scripture depends upon a right apprehension of the materials and peculiar structure assumed, and strictly adhered to, throughout the vision, of which indeed it may be said to form the *framework*. The Rev. E. B. Elliott, with his usual sagacity, has remarked this circumstance in his "Horæ Apocalyptice," under the head of "the plan and order of the Revelation," (see his Introduction, c. iv.,) conceiving, and no doubt correctly, that its form as a roll-manuscript goes to establish the view he advocates of the Apocalypse being a *continuous* history of the Church and the world. But beyond this thought, the subject seems to invite attention. "Why," we may ask in general, "did the Apocalyptic Book assume the form of a seven-sealed scroll?" The answer to this question will show, we think, much of significance and aptitude, and therefore of the wisdom of God, in the choice of this form; and also give us the probable reason for its selection.

(1.) First, it may be supposed that this form was used in order to give the idea of an *important communication* from Heaven. The whole Bible comes to us in this manner, appealing to us as an external Revelation of what we could not know otherwise — authoritative, definite, calculated to arrest attention, and worthy to be recorded in a permanent form, according to the rule, "*verba scripta manent*." "Now go," the prophets were told, "write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come for ever and ever." The word *sepher*, "book," occurs frequently in the Old Testament to signify any kind of knowledge (Dan. i. 17); or the law (Josh. viii. 34); or the book of life (Ps. lxxix. 28); and with the addition of *megillah*: "the volume of the book" (Ps. xl. 7).

But to be more precise: there seem to have been two forms of books used by the ancients, that of tablets and that of scrolls. The tablets, or *tabulæ* (planks; for they were mostly made of wood), were small oblong slabs, not unlike a modern book ex-

teriorly, but having solid leaves, the part to be inscribed being sunk a little to protect the writing. This sunken portion was covered with wax, on which the message was traced with the reed-pen. Two of these leaves, and sometimes three, four, five, or even more, were coupled together by wire hinges, then pierced all through for a string, and fastened with a seal. The use of these tablets is no doubt very ancient; for we read of them in Scripture (Is. xxx. 8, Luke i. 63), and also find them frequently among Egyptian remains. But we do not conceive that this was the form of the Apocalyptic Book. The word employed here is *Biblion* (not a diminutive), which is derived as we all know, from *Byblos*, the name of the Egyptian papyrus reed; and we so thoroughly believe in the careful selection of the very words of Holy Writ, that, were there no other reason than this of Etymology, we should be inclined to conclude that the book in question was not in the form of a writing-tablet, but of a long roll, made either of papyrus or parchment in the same form. But there is a circumstance which seems so decide the question. The book was "written within and on the backside," answering exactly to the form of Ezekiel's scroll, "written within and without," of which it is distinctly said that it was "a roll of a book." Moreover it seems that it was by no means uncommon for an ancient scribe, when his matter overflowed, or anything supplemental was to be expressed, to turn his scroll over, and continue the writing on the other side. Instances of this are to be seen in many manuscripts in the British Museum. But this was not the manner of dealing with tablets, which are only found inscribed within, for the very obvious reason that the writing would have been exposed to erasure on the outer side.

The next peculiarity to be noticed is the *seals*. The presence of these appendages seems to confirm the theory of a scroll, and also to add the ideas of secrecy and security. The use of seals fastened to documents is of very considerable antiquity, and belongs to the dawn of social intercourse. But here again we must distinguish a little. There were seals of authority, such as those used by Jezebel for Ahab; and also our own Chancellor's "seals," representing the royal prerogative. Then there was the seal of description. On Egyptian mummies are often found clusters of these seals of clay or lead run upon strings, and bearing impressions either of the reigning sovereign, or something relating to the history of the deceased. There was also the seal of

attestation, in its well-known form among ourselves. Pliny, speaking of Rome in his day, says that "seals had become of such absolute necessity, that a testament was null and void without the testator's seal, and the seal of seven witnesses." But it is quite plain that the Apocalyptic seal was different from any of these. "To seal a book," says Parkhurst, "imports the secrecy and futurity of the events therein foretold." There were mysteries within requiring knowledge and power to solve; just as we read in Isaiah xxix. 11, 12, where one person declines to read a book "because it is sealed"; and another, "because he is not learned." It appears that letters, when forwarded to persons of distinction, were placed in a purse or bag, and closed with wax or clay, and then stamped with a signet (Jer. xxxviii. 14); and the sending of an open letter is mentioned in Nehemiah as a mark of insult. The sealing of letters in modern times is all of the same kind. But how and why seven seals in the case of the Apocalyptic scroll? This may be taken metaphorically for the perfect number among the Jews, and so to distinguish this roll above others. Or the literal arrangement, described by St. John, may have been according to some old type. For though, from inquiries made of the custodians of the Manuscript departments of the British Museum, there appears to be no ancient roll having more than one seal; yet, as they allow, the thing is quite conceivable and possible. We need only give Bishop Newton's suggestion, that the book was a roll consisting of seven volumes; so that the opening of one seal laid open the contents of only one scroll at a time. In support of a theory, we find, in Sir W. Gell's account of Pompeii and Herculaneum, a picture of a cylinder, with several rolls included in it, each having its separate seal apparent.

But, whatever be the correct explanation of this point, the general inference to be derived from the symbol is unmistakable. Here is an important message from the Almighty, requiring Almighty power to open out,—part of the sacred canon is not to be doubted, but carrying with it its own evidence of heavenly grandeur; an enigma to the careless world indeed, as it was intended to be; but a "revelation of Jesus Christ" to His initiated Church, for their comfort under persecutions, and their hope even to the end of time!

(2.) If we seek for a yet more particular reason for this form of a sealed scroll, it is to be found in this thought—that such a form seems eminently calculated to carry on

*Daniel's visions*, and thus to exhibit the harmony of God's Word, and attach the prophecies of the New Testament on to those of the Old. To any one who appreciates the homogeneity of Scripture, and the parallelisms of its predictions, this will be a matter of no small moment. The writer of this article once listened to an attempt at a Clerical Meeting to restrict the discussion of the subject of "the man of sin" to the 2nd Epistle of the Thessalonians. It need hardly be said that the result was meagre and unsatisfactory. The prophecies of both Testaments are dictated by the same Spirit, and relate to the same events, each with its peculiar phase of truth. With this law of connection in view, let us observe the way in which the book of Daniel concludes. "Go thy way, Daniel, for the words are closed and sealed unto the time of the end." Surely this expression, "closed and sealed," must be a figurative one, referring to that dark interval, on the threshold of which the prophet stood, when "open vision" would cease for 400 years, until "the time" of our blessed Lord, who Himself would then, even as He did, take up the hidden thread, and reveal the remaining future. And now mark how the opening of the prophetic vision before us exactly answers to and fits on to Daniel; thus fulfilling the pledge at the close of the Old Testament canon, by the "Revelation" at the close of the New; "And I saw (it is said) on the right hand of Him that sat upon the throne a book written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals," which seals are presently seen to be broken open by the Lord Jesus successively, and the contents of the entire document exposed at last to view. This seems to represent the Saviour of mankind carrying on the stream of prophetic history in his own person, even as he did in his discourses, but chiefly in this Revelation to the beloved disciple of things "which were to be hereafter." Daniel may be considered the type of Christ, as the dream interpreter. But more than this, there is a positive identity and sequence in the prophecies of Daniel and his Lord. There is a resemblance in structure—that of a gradual and growing development of form: in Daniel, the image, and beasts, and little horn coming out one from the other, each entering into further details—in the Revelation, the seals, the trumpets, and the vials, all extending like the joints of a telescope, and yet all one, the seven seals covering all time, the seven trumpets included under the seventh seal, and the seven vials under the seventh trumpet. In matter also they are

identical. Daniel's visions give the first sketch of the entire history of our world, — its four great earthly empires — slightly entering into particulars regarding the fourth, or Roman kingdom, intimating its ten divisions, and even the final apostasy, and its overthrow. The Apocalypse only opens out this history, as the advance of time required. The Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian monarchies had flourished and passed away. But the iron kingdom was yet at its height. With this, therefore, the Divine Prescience deals now, and gives its history and decline — its dismemberment by Gothic invaders; the sliding in of the Papacy, with its triple tiara, in its place, indeed, having its seat in the seven-hilled city; and then the second advent of the Lord, and His glorious kingdom, whatever that may be. Now in all this we have a wonderful continuation of Old Testament prophecy, the completion of Daniel's vision's and the unsealing of that which was left, because the time was not ripe, by him to whom all refers and all appertains.

The bearing of this subject, which at first sight might seem to be a mere matter of antiquarian research, upon the question of interpreting the Book of Revelation, will thus, we hope, be obvious. It seems altogether to favour that historical interpretation which has generally commended itself to thoughtful minds from the beginning; which interpretation again just now throws a focus of intense interest upon the question of the downfall of Popery (possibly by the Franco-Italian convention, to come due in the prophetic period of 1866 — 7), which is supposed to be marked in Revelation xvii. and xviii., and so the hastening of Him who is to consume the man of sin and every form of Antichrist, by the spirit of His mouth, and destroy by the brightness of His coming.

W. J. B.

*Brazil and the Brazilians.* By Rev. James C. Fletcher, and Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D. (Sampson Low, Son, and Marton.)

The first edition of this book was, we believe, published eight or nine years ago. Since then the authors have made fresh journeys to Brazil, have enlarged their book, and have found a corresponding enlargement in the ideas of the country. We must give them great credit for the care with which they have read all other publications

on their subject, and for the fairness they show towards other writers with whom they disagree, or from whom they have borrowed. But on the whole, we think them a little prejudiced in favour of Brazil, a little too apt to look at startling improvements where we should look at the previous necessity for improvement. They will probably be offended with us if we suggest that their views of Brazil are almost identical with those of a Jesuit whom they quote, and who says, "If there were a paradise on earth, I should say it existed here. . . . If in Portugal you have fowls, so have we in abundance, and very cheap; if you have mutton, we have here wild animals whose flesh is decidedly superior; if you have wine there, I aver that I find myself better off with such as we have here than with the wines of Portugal. Do you have bread, so do I sometimes, and always what is better, since there is no doubt but that the flour of this country (mandioca) is more healthy than your bread." In like manner Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder are constantly making the discovery that Brazilian things which are not so good in themselves as American things are better relatively. Government by an emperor like Don Pedro II. seems infinitely preferable to Government by President Johnson, though in itself freedom is nobler than absolutism. The one point on which Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder are inexorable towards Brazil is the state of religion. They give several amusing and some shocking stories of the prevailing superstition. Thus they tell us of great priestly immorality coupled with popular credulity. In the province of Bahia a Roman Catholic chaplain was wanted, and of five candidates who presented themselves four were men of notoriously evil lives, while the only remaining one was found afterwards to be living in concubinage. Yet at the same time mixed marriages were denounced as concubinage by the Papal Nuncio in Brazil, and the German colonists of Petropolis were told that the children of such unions were illegitimate. On the subject of slavery and the slave trade we are not sure that we agree with Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder. They notice with approval that the disabilities which attach to colour in the United States are unknown in Brazil, and they consider that the Brazilian Government is active in its endeavours to put down the slave trade. But they never recognize the part that England took in creating this activity, and, if anything, they are severe on England for her interference in the concerns of the Empire. It



ought to be known to every one that but for this interference there would have been no hope of the suppression of the Brazilian slave trade. However, we cannot enter on such discussions here. We only regret that Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder, who are such trustworthy authorities on most Brazilian matters, should seem to be misinformed in this particular. It is the general excellence of their book that makes us demur to these occasional blemishes.

From The Sunday Magazine.

## A MIDNIGHT DAWN.

"There children dwell who know no parents' care,  
Parents' who know no children's love dwell there,  
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,  
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;  
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
And crippled age, with more than childhood's fears,  
The lame, the blind, and far the happiest, they  
The moping idiot and the madman gay," —  
CRABBE.

As we advance in life there is nothing which more strongly grows upon the mind, if we regard natural life only, than the sense of fixity and fate. During the earlier part of an existence there is usually a keen realisation of the force and freedom of the human will; we feel practically that we have not yet done growing, and in youth we seem able to do, to dare, to endure greatly, to make ourselves all that we would fain be. But, as years advance, they draw around us a network of constraining circumstance, fettering our actions, and interfering even with mental freedom. One day not only succeeds but *inherits* the other. We feel oppressed with a sense of loss and irrecoverableness. If one fair season, one golden opportunity has been let slip through error or mischance, we know that it is gone for ever; no wave will bring us our wrecked treasure upon its mounting crest, no soft autumnal "after summer" will gladden us with the flowers that were smitten with a blight in spring.

But it is far otherwise in that kingdom which cometh not "with observation," and whose laws are so subtle as to evade it; that great mysterious kingdom wherein the Spirit of God works upon the spirit that is in man; here there is nothing impossible, *because all*

*is miraculous.* As the strong foundations of our faith are laid in events infinitely transcending the limits of human experience, so is the humblest transaction of spiritual life connected with much that the natural man knoweth not, neither can know, because it needs to be spiritually discerned. An answered prayer is as true a miracle, as that of Elijah's bringing down fire from Heaven, the healing of a broken spirit is as wonderful, as merciful a work, as the healing of a diseased body, the raising up of a soul dead in trespasses and sins is as great an exhibition of God's power, as the resurrection of Lazarus. And in all that is connected with God's spiritual kingdom on earth, whether it be in the reading or the preaching of God's word, in the sacred rites of salvation, in prayer and intercession, in the very breath of the Spirit blowing where it listeth, there is a latent power which may, at any time, *at a time known to God, though hidden from us*, assert itself in wonder and in power and in beauty, and make water to spring forth in the desert, and a spiritual wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

And among these marvels and glories which, like the long intermittent yet splendid blossoming of the aloe, occasionally gladden the Christian heart to its very depths, there is none more wonderful, more affecting than that of the awakening of a human soul which age and poverty and ignorance, perhaps even vice, have long held fast bound in misery and iron. Foster, in his interesting essay on Popular Ignorance, says that in some of these cases, Divine grace seems at once to awaken the spiritual and the intellectual faculties, enabling the soul to view things in a rational right. "How often have I heard these words," will such a person say; "now I understand them." And in speaking of the strange apathy and stupor of soul with which the hardened, wholly unenlightened classes usually meet death, a state of mind which he describes with extraordinary vigour and amplitude of illustration, he adds, "I cannot close this gloomy subject without adverting to a phenomenon as admirable as unhappily it is rare, and for which no adequate cause can be assigned, other than the immediate agency of the Almighty Spirit. Here and there an instance occurs, to the delight of the Christian philanthropist, of a person brought up in utter ignorance and rudeness, and so continuing till late in life, when the petrifying influence of time and habit will be all at once broken up, and the Spirit drawn with alarming and irresistible force out of the

dark hold in which it has so long lain imprisoned and torpid, into the sphere of thought and feeling.

"In the most signal of these cases, the influence seems to breathe with such power on the obtuse intellectual faculties as almost to create anew; the contracted, rigid soul seems to soften, to grow warm, expand, and quiver with life. Through the infusion of this new energy it painfully struggles to work itself into freedom, from the wretched contortion in which it has been so long fixed, as by the spell of some infernal magic; its own ignorance fills it with distressed and indignant emotion, it is moved with a restless earnestness to be informed, it *acquires an unwonted pliancy of its faculties as regards thought*, and attains a perception combined of intelligence and moral sensibility, to which numerous things are becoming *discernible and affecting that were as non-existent before*. And to a devout man it is a spectacle of most enchanting beauty, thus to see the immortal plant, which has been under a malignant blast during sixty or seventy years, coming out at length in the bloom of life."

This powerful description of a late and sudden conversion is so exactly illustrated by a story, which was not long ago told me by a friend, long "of every friendless name the friend," long familiar with every phase of human suffering and human degradation, that I have written it down, as nearly as I can remember, in the words she gave it in, so that her experience may work hope.

"It is now many years since I became interested in an old woman of sixty, named Jane Ware, then living in the almshouse at —, where she might have been very comfortable, had she not been unfortunately addicted for many years to the use of opium, the love of which had gained such terrible mastery over her, that she seemed to have lost the power of resisting the strong habitual temptation to indulge in it. Often had she given up her laudanum bottle into my hands, and as often had she procured herself a fresh one. One day, after a severe attack of *delirium tremens*, she called me to her bedside, and once more implored me to take the fatal bottle. I said I would do so on one condition only—that she would leave the almshouse where she had so long lived in comfort, and go to live in the union, where the necessary restraints of the institution would make it impossible for her to indulge in her besetting weakness. I felt in urging this step upon her that I was putting the sincerity of her repentance to a severe test, but I felt also that hers was a case that admitted of no compromise. Good was

struggling in her soul, and if it was ever to emancipate itself from enthralling evil she must be content to *lose her life*, that is to say, be content to resign its little all of earthly solace and comfort, so that she might save that very life in winning to itself its Saviour. I set before her in a strong light the danger she was now incurring in adding year to year and sin to sin, and urged her to place a barrier between herself and the temptation that so many broken resolutions had proved her too weak to resist effectually. My words prevailed. She gave up the laudanum bottle, allowed me to send for a cart to remove her, and, with a heart sorrowful and yet rejoicing, I saw my poor friend settled for life in the workhouse. But the worst part of the trial was yet to come. As soon as the first great excitement of the change was over, a deep melancholy took possession of her mind, joined with such an overpowering craving for the accustomed stimulant that I feared her very reason was becoming unsettled. She would weep like a child, entreat me to give her back her bottle, and altogether it appeared as if her misery of mind and body might actually drive her to commit suicide. Her punishment, in the words of Scripture, seemed to be greater than she could bear. At last this distressing state of mind passed over, but she still remained far from peace and comfort. A deep and almost despairing conviction of sin took possession of her heart, a sorrowful compunction for her many failures, a sense of a soul too heavily-weighted with transgressions, too thoroughly stained with evil, to hope to be freed, or to be cleansed. 'Who shall bring a clean thing out of an unclean?' Often would I speak to her of that love which goes deeper than our deepest sins, often would I direct her to the precious blood of Christ, and to the love of Him who gave it to the end that none who believe in Him should perish. The more she was able to realise this love, the more the sense of the greatness of her own sin grew upon her. '*Oh, to be forgiven!*' she would often say to me: 'oh, but to know that Jesus Christ has said, even to me, "*Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.*" What shall I do dear sister H—, to know this?' I could but direct her to the cross of Christ, and to patient waiting there upon Him who is able to satisfy the desire of every sorrowful soul, who has given his word that He will not quench the smoking flax nor break the bruised reed.

"About this time I was called away to London, when, after some little interval, I returned to —, and resumed my visits to

the union. I found that a great and abiding change had passed over poor Jane. Her mind was now filled with quietness, with peace, and the full assurance of pardon. She told me, in her own simple touching way, that her prayers were now full of light, that the words of the Bible seemed quite different, that all things around her seemed to repeat these words to her soul, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." Need I say that we now praised and magnified the precious blood together? Need I say that that aspect of the poor room, cold and bare of earthly comfort, seemed transfigured as we sat within it and spoke together of that which no earthly standard can mete, no earthly line can measure, that which is without length or breadth, without depth or height, 'the love of Christ which passeth knowledge?' She now expressed a strong desire to learn to read, and, with a little help, taught herself to do so, chiefly by going over and over the fourteenth chapter of St. John, a part of Scripture which she always connected with her conversion. Not long after this, from some change in the arrangements of the workhouse, Jane lost a little room which she had hitherto enjoyed to herself, and was obliged to exchange it for the 'general ward,' a large room full of the most disorderly people. This was a great trial to her, so great that she almost thought of quitting the workhouse. I entreated her, however, not to expose herself again to the risks of self-guidance, but to remain, under whatever trials and difficulties, in the place where God had showed her so much grace and mercy. She agreed to this, and took her place among the inmates of the general room, always quiet, always ready and helpful.

"But the change, as far as concerned her personal comfort, was very great. At the time of which I am now writing, above fifteen years ago, there was little classification among the inmates of the union workhouses, and the decent aged poor, the insane and weak-minded, innocent children and respectable people out of work, were indiscriminately mixed with the vilest and most dissolute characters. My experience of life has been a very varied one, yet I can truly say that all it has shown me of abandoned wickedness and utter hopeless misery, has fallen short of what I have encountered within the walls of the union at —. There was at the time I speak of such an absence of moral check, that I have myself heard a woman in the very wantonness of iniquity, deliberately teaching a little child of be-

tween three or four years of age the most revolting language. Indeed, I have said enough as regards the absence of restraint upon the worthless, and the absolute dearth of comfort for the more respectable paupers when I say that the chief control was vested in the person of a nurse, a woman of drunken habits, violent in her conduct, and exceedingly profane in language. She stormed up and down the large room, ordering all things at her will. At one side of the fire sat a gypsy of above ninety years of age, the very embodiment of old age and impotent malice. The sounds which day after day were most familiar to my ears on entering the ward were the voices of Dinah the nurse, and the gypsy, cursing and reciprocally sending the other to hell. There was something positively awful in this old woman's aspect; her face, rigid and almost deathlike through extreme age, was still marked with the trace of every evil passion, and her piercing black eyes still moved and peered with an expression of malignity that was scarcely human. 'Out with your cant,' was her usual greeting to me. 'Curse you and your false talk; to hell with you I say. Go from my room.' I had no choice between leaving poor patient Jane uncomfortable, or hearing the most holy names and words derided. I heard much and said little, but still that priceless verse, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,' would return from time to time upon my heart, and bring upon it a ray of heavenly hope. When the body of our Redeemer was wounded on the tree for our sins, there came from his pierced heart blood and water, blood to atone, water to purify. Who should limit the power of him who came by water and by blood, or say that any heart is too dark or vile to be cleansed by his redeeming work, and enlightened by his sanctifying Spirit?

"I was called from home for a time, and my first visit on my return was to the union. I missed the gypsy. 'Oh!' said Jane; 'she's gone.' I sat down and listened eagerly to what followed. It seemed that at midnight the voice which loudly or softly calls for all, called to her. She raised herself upon her straw bed, and called to the nurse. 'Dinah, I'm dying; send for sister H——'

"Dinah answered her with her usual hard coarseness: 'Ye dying! none such luck.'

"'But Dinah, I am dying, and I'm going to hell. I can see my whole life spread out before me — ninety years of sins — I see it all, Dinah send for sister H——'

"Well, gang to hell wi' ye, then," was Dinah's rejoinder; 'best place for ye; ye ought to have been there long ago.'

"Oh! Dinah," pleaded the old woman; 'come to me and pray summat; send for sister H—,'

"I tell ye I won't. Master wouldnt send at this time of night, and she wouldn't come."

"Then get old Jane up. She's heard the lady talk often enough. She knows good words. I must ha' somebody."

"Well," said Dinah a little mollified; 'be quiet, and I'll read ye a prayer myself.' She took a Bible and read a few verses aloud, but was so continually interrupted by the wail of the poor old creature, 'Oh, my sins, my sins,' that in a fit of impatience Dinah went and brought old Jane to the bedside. At sight of her a softened expression came over the poor, hard, frightened face. Once more the eager voice repeated its tale of woe, 'Oh my sins, my sins,' but now to a sympathising ear, to a heart full of the love of Jesus, willing and ready to tell of that love in all its wondrous story.

"Jesus!" exclaimed the gipsy. 'Who is He? Where? Sure, I never heard of him.' And yet how often had that holy name been spoken in her hearing, but to be driven from her with oaths and curses. Now those dull ears were opened, and she heard plainly, heard the story of the Cross, and of Him who gave himself there 'that all who believe on Him might not perish.'

"She looked upon Him whom she had pierced, and followed Jane's every word with eager, straining anxiety, followed her with intelligent mind, with awakened and thirsting heart. At length, among other texts, Jane repeated that memorable one, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'

"The gipsy started as at a familiar sound. 'Why, that's what the lady said, Jane; say it to me again. My sins! I see them all, I see my life from its very beginning to its end, ninety years of sins. Say it to me again.'

"Jane repeated it to her again, with other words of holy and hopeful import, repeated to her every text she could remember, knelt down beside her and said the Lord's Prayer over and over again, with the simple undoubting confidence of a child addressing its parent; at last she was so tired that she could speak no longer, and sat down for a few moments, exhausted on the bed.

"Then the gipsy again accosted Dinah, 'Come,' she said, 'thou knowest how to

read, and thou'st often heard good talk, thou canst remember somewhat. Tell me about Jesus, whatever thou canst.'

"But how," I said to Dinah, who told me many of the particulars I am now relating, 'could you talk to her?'

"Oh, ma'am, for the matter of that," said Dinah, complacently, 'I managed to think of a good many texts, here and there, and to read out some just as they came into my mind, and when I came to one about Jesus and what He has done to save us, she would say, 'Say that again, say that again' so it put on the time till Jane was rested and able to begin again, and she gave neither of us a minute's rest.'

"It must have been a strange scene, the gipsy's eager face and imploring accents, old Jane's meek earnestness, Dinah's blundering and mechanical repetitions; in the midst of it the gipsy passed away, the long sealed fountain of her soul broken up as it were in a flood of penitence; her lips, even as they ceased to move, repeating the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

"Old Jane lived four or five years after this in patient continuance in well-doing, ever in her homely simple way an instructor of those around her; never shall I forget her, or how her aged face beamed with light and joy when we received together the blessed sacrament of Christ's body and blood, which had been only *twice* administered in the workhouse during the whole time she spent there. She died in peace. A few years after the gipsy's death Dinah also died; the momentary impression she had received from it passed away, and her death was even as her life, hardened and reckless in the last degree. There is now left no living witness to this strange sudden dawn, this wondrous light from Heaven shining in a dark place; and except in my memory there probably remains no record of the kindling of this late-lighted lamp of penitence and faith. It is not for us to reason on such events, overpassing the limits of ordinary experience, or to seek to gauge their nature and limits by any preconceived standard of our own. They are the Lord's doings and must be wonderful in our eyes. His great spiritual kingdom is full of mysteries and of marvels, and He has Himself told us concerning it, that 'there are last which shall be first,' a truth which cannot be too hopefully borne in mind by all such as are called to labour among the waifs and leavings of humanity."

I feel that for all such labourers there is

encouragement in my friend's story; it may stimulate them to be bold, to be patient, to be persevering in their work in the most stony and neglected soils. The very uncertainty of their return may remind them, in scattering the good seed of the kingdom, to fling it freely, as they who "know not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both alike shall be good." The harvest truly is plenteous, though we know not when, or how, or where may be its abundant springing. Though some ears may come up thin, and sickly, and smitten with the east wind; though some seeds may seem to perish, unable to pierce their way through the cold damp soil, the eye of the Heavenly Husbandman regards both the feeble blade, the half-formed ear, and the full corn in the ear.

"By things which do appear  
God judges not. Within the folded seed  
He sees the flower, and in the Will the Deed."

DORA GREENWELL.

From the Saturday Review.

#### GIBBON'S MEMOIRS.\*

ENGLISH literature is by no means rich in Memoirs, but it does contain a few of great merit, and Gibbon's account of his own life and writings stands very near the head of the list. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any writer of the same kind of eminence has given so complete a picture of himself and of his works. In the first place, the list of writers at all in the same line with Gibbon is by no means long; and, in the next place, of that small number a still smaller minority have betaken themselves to autobiography. Hume gave a short account of himself, which has considerable resemblance in many particulars to Gibbon's Memoirs. Clarendon's Life may also be fairly compared to them; but Hume's autobiography is much shorter than Gibbon's, and Clarendon's Life is rather a history of his own times than an account of himself and his pursuits. On the whole, it would certainly be difficult to find an exact, or nearly exact, counterpart in English to Gibbon's Memoirs. The book is exquisitely characteristic. The opening sentences are in themselves a miniature of all that follows:—

\* *Memoirs of My Life and Writings*. By Edward Gibbon.

In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and solitary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar; but style is the image of character, and the habits of correct writing may produce without labour or design the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward; and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule.

The man who could solemnly sit down to amuse himself after this fashion must have been no common person. Something more than the "habit of correct writing" was necessary to the production of this strange seesaw. "Truth, naked, unblushing truth" is introduced with a cross between irony and pomposity which is admirably characteristic of the half-conscious grimace which Gibbon never laid aside. There is prefixed to the quarto edition (1866) of his *Miscellaneous Works* a portrait taken from a figure of him cut out from black paper with a pair of scissors, in his absence, by a Mrs. Brown, which looks as if it was in the very act of uttering some such sentiment. It is the figure of a very short, fat man, as upright as if he had swallowed a poker, and surmounted by a face a little like the late Mr. Buckle's. He wears a pigtail, and holds a snuff box, which balance each other in such a manner as to give the squat figure with its big head and its little bits of legs a strange look of formality struggling with a desire to shine.

Gibbon was born at Putney on the 27th of April (O. S.), 1737. As he justly observes, "My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant;" but, in fact, his father was a man of old family and some property. His grandfather, Edward Gibbon, was one of the directors of the South Sea Company, and was punished by Act of Parliament for the part which he had taken in that scheme by a fine of nearly £100,000, which absorbed more than nine-tenths of his whole property. Such, however, was his industry and good luck that between the ages of fifty-six, when he was fined, and of seventy, when he died, he made a second fortune nearly as large as the first. After being sent to various schools, Westminster among the rest, for nearly two years, Gibbon was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1752, in his fifteenth year. It was whilst



there that he became a Roman Catholic (June 8, 1753), and in consequence of this change of religion he was removed from the University by his father, and settled by the 30th of June at Lausanne, under the care of a Protestant clergyman, M. Pavillard. M. Pavillard and his own reflections combined reconverted him by the end of 1754. There he remained studying in real earnest till April 1758. He made one tour during this period, to which our modern habits give a certain interest. More than thirty years afterwards he carefully recorded a route which a tourist of our days would no more think of recollecting than of commemorating all his morning walks. It lasted a month, and led him from Lausanne to Iverdun, Neuchâtel, Bienne, Soleure, Basle, Baden, Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, and so back to Lausanne. It is odd to find him remarking, in 1789, "The fashion of climbing the mountains and reviewing the glaciers had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers." In April, 1758, he returned to London; and in May, 1760, he went into the Hampshire Militia, writing his first performance, an *Essay on the Study of Literature*, in 1759. It was published in 1761. From May, 1760, to December, 1762, the Hampshire Militia were embodied, and Gibbon led the life of an officer in a marching regiment. He was captain of the grenadier company, and of all grenadiers past or present he must surely have been one of the strangest. After the militia were disbanded, he travelled to Paris (January — May, 1763), and after passing nearly a year (May, 1763 — April, 1764) at Lausanne, he went on to Florence, Rome, and Naples. It is in his notice of this visit that the well-known passage occurs about the first conception of the *Decline and Fall*, and for once the language suits very well with the thought. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." He returned to his father's house on the 25th of June, 1765, and passed the next five years in forming various literary plans, which came to little. He proposed, for one thing, to write a history of the foundation of the Swiss Republic, and it is a singular illustration of the change which has taken place in European literature, that he not only knew no German at all, but did not think it worth learning, and trusted to getting translations of his materials made for him by a Swiss friend. He made an attack upon Warburton's famous paradox

as to the nature of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, and he also set up, in association with a M. Deyverdun, a literary review, published in French. In November 1770, his father died; and in December, 1772, Gibbon had settled his affairs and established himself in comfortable independence in London, at the age of thirty-five. As soon as he was well established he set to work to write the *Decline and Fall*, and published the first volume, which included the famous chapters on Christianity, in 1776. During this time he was a silent member for Liskeard, by the favour of Lord Eliot. He was no speaker, and was besides afraid of his own reputation, or, to use his own singular dialect, "Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice." The publication of the first instalment of the History was followed by a hot controversy, in which Gibbon was moved to reply for once, but only for once, to his antagonists. It was at this time, too, that he published his famous "Mémoire justificatif" against the proceedings of the French Government in the matter of the American war. After holding office for a short time as a member of the Board of Trade, he ceased to sit in Parliament, and removed to Lausanne in 1783, to finish his History at his leisure. He finished it on the 27th of June, 1787. Perhaps the best passage in his Memoirs is the well-known one in which this is described:—

It was on the day or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a herceau or covered walk of acacias which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not describe the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

Gibbon returned to England in the spring of 1793, and died in London on the 16th of January, 1794, at the age of fifty-seven.

Such is the outline of his life. Quiet as it was, it contains incidents which have some general interest, and which throw a light on several of the great topics of the time in which he lived. The first question

which the life suggests is what manner of man was Gibbon himself, for there can be no doubt that, whatever else he may have been, he was the author of one of the very greatest books in the English language. He does not appear to have impressed his contemporaries by mother wit and general force of character. One of them said of him, that he might have been cut out of an odd corner of Burke's mind without being missed, yet nothing can be more certain than that his *History* is a work of infinitely greater and more lasting importance than all that Burke ever wrote. It is easy to understand this estimate as we read his *Memoirs*. They convey almost any impression rather than that their author was a great man as well as a great writer, and indeed they supply clear evidence that the two characters may be entirely distinct. Probably no one ever enjoyed his life more thoroughly than Gibbon. It is hardly possible to imagine any existence more exquisitely pleasant in every particular. He had ease, good health till the latter part of his life, whatever he chose to take in the way of society, and that blessing of all blessings—a strong taste for a noble art, with the means and opportunity of systematically gratifying it. He was a born student, and from the time when he first went to Lausanne to the day of his death he studied uninterruptedly and insatiably, yet he never appears to have thrown away his labour. He always read for a purpose, and seems on all occasions to have taken the direct road to the object of his study, whatever that might be. No man made greater use of the labours of others, or was less disposed to neglect any short cut to knowledge, in the shape of abridgments, reviews, or translations, which came in his way. Still, however enviable and luxurious his life may have been, and however great were the results which he produced, his *Memoirs* give the impression that after all he was not a great man. His book was greater than the mind which produced it. One of his favourite remarks is, that the style ought to be the image of the mind; and if, as was no doubt the case, this was true of himself, his mind must have been, to say the least, not a beautiful one. The passage quoted above as to the completion of his book shows more human feeling than any other in his *Memoirs*. Here and there, where he thinks he ought to be affected, his pathos comes in with a stiffness which has a singularly grotesque effect. Take, for instance, his account of the death of his father. After describing his various foibles in a manner which shows that he must have been

a light, weak, foolish man, Gibbon feels that he has been a little hard, and tries to make amends:—

His graceful person, polite address, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulness recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions his liberal spirit had long since delivered him from the zeal and prejudices of a Tory education. I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that had discharged all the duties of filial piety.

Gibbon submitting to the order of nature must have been a touching spectacle. His account of his first and last love is equally characteristic:—

I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. . . . I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inspired by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment.

The lady was afterwards Madame Necker, and though Gibbon "might presume to hope that" he "had made some impression on a virtuous heart," his father would not hear of it. "After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son." The application of such a style to such a subject paints the man almost as well as the black paper figure snipped out by Mrs. Brown's scissors, and exactly corresponds with the notion of him which his *History* suggests. It contains any quantity of information, it shows a marvellous power of arrangement, it abounds in successful turns of speech; but after reading it several times, and with a constantly increasing appreciation of the extraordinary merits of the performance, it is impossible not to feel that we have been reading an excellent account of some of the greatest events in human history by a man whose whole conception of history was common-place and second-rate.

There are several incidental events in Gibbon's life which have a good deal of general interest. His account of the utterly contemptible state of education—if indeed it could be said, by the widest stretch of courtesy, to deserve any such name—which prevailed in his time at Oxford, is too well known to justify more than

a passing allusion ; but the glimpse which he gives of Protestant Switzerland forms an interesting contrast to his description of Oxford. The literary activity of the French and Swiss Protestants all through the early part, and up to the middle, of the eighteenth century, is a chapter in literary history which has now fallen a great deal out of date, but which has much interest. It is obvious, from Gibbon's account of his own studies, that he was trained to think and read according to the methods then in use in Switzerland, and they certainly show a comprehensiveness and solidity of design very unlike anything which was at that day, or indeed in these days, to be had in England. Apart from this, his *Memoirs* draw clearly enough, though without any pre-meditated design of doing so, a picture of the progress of his own mind which is of the highest interest. It is as well worth attention in its way as any of the accounts of their religious opinions which are so freely given to us in the present day by almost every person who rises to much eminence in controversial literature. Gibbon was the least sentimental of human beings, yet his mental history is as distinctly the history of his religious opinions as Dr. Newman's *Apologia* is of his. *Decline and Fall* is throughout an oblique attack on theology in general, and the *Memoirs* sufficiently show that this was the subject which from the very first had most deeply engaged Gibbon's attention. "From my childhood," he says, "I had been fond of religious disputation; my poor aunt (Miss Porter, who brought him up), has been often puzzled by the mysteries which she strove to believe." Another aunt (his father's sister) had been under the spiritual direction of Law the mystic, and Gibbon was thus born to controversy. At Oxford "the blind activity of idleness" impelled him to read Middleton's *Free Inquiry*. Yet he could not bring himself to follow Middleton in his attack on the early Fathers, or to give up the notion that miracles were worked in the early Church for at least four or five centuries. "But I was unable to resist the weight of historical evidence that within the same period most of the leading doctrines of Popery were already introduced in theory and practice; nor was the conclusion absurd that miracles are the test of truth, and that the Church must be orthodox and pure which was so often approved by the visible interposition of the Deity." From the miracles affirmed by Basil, Chrysostom, Augustine, and Jerome, he inferred that celibacy was superior to

marriage, that saints were to be invoked, prayers for the dead said, and the real presence believed in; and whilst in this frame of mind he fell in with Bossuet's *Exposition* and his *History of the Variations*. "I read," he says in his affected way, "I applauded, I believed"; and he adds with truth, in reference to Bossuet, "I surely fell by a noble hand." "In my present feelings it seems incredible that I should ever have believed in transubstantiation; but my conqueror oppressed me with the sacramental words, and dashed against each other the figurative half-meanings of the Protestant sects." Nothing can be less like the process by which the conversions to Popery of our own day have been obtained. In almost every instance in which the journey from Oxford to Rome has been made, the moving power has been moral sympathy, far more than any intellectual process; and in almost every case this has been accompanied by a dread, more or less consciously entertained and explicitly avowed, of the possible results of Protestantism. No one, we will venture to say, has been converted in the nineteenth century by a belief that, as a fact, miracles were worked in the early Church, and that, as a consequence, the doctrines professed at the same time must have been true. As a rule, the doctrines have carried the miracles. People have longed for the rest, the guidance, and the supposed guarantee for a supernatural order of things to be had from the Roman Catholic system, and have believed the specific Roman doctrines in order to get these advantages. The fact that the process began at the other end with Gibbon is characteristic both of the man and of the age; but it is put in a still stronger light by the account which he gives of the process of his reconversion. "M. Pavillard," says Lord Sheffield, Gibbon's editor, "has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him, a thin little figure with a large head, disputing and urging with the greatest ability all the best arguments that had ever been used in favour of Popery." The process from first to last was emphatically an intellectual one. A curious letter from Pavillard to Gibbon's father gives a singular account of it:—

Je me persuadois [he says] que quand j'aurois détruit les principales erreurs de l'Eglise Romaine je n'aurois qu'à faire voir que les autres sont des conséquences des premières, et qu'elles ne peuvent subsister quand les fondamentales sont renversées; mais je me suis trompé, il a fallu traiter chaque article dans son entier.

He afterwards says:—"J'ai renversé l'infailibilité de l'Eglise," &c. &c., counting up all the powerful Roman Catholic doctrines: and then he adds:—"Je me flatte qu'après avoir obtenu la victoire sur ces articles je l'aurai sur le reste avec le secours de Dieu." Gibbon himself observes:—

I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation; that the text of Scripture which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses, the sight, the touch, and the taste.

He might, by the way, have recollected the famous Latin hymn which puts the same thought in another form, oddly enough making the hearing the one sense which supports the doctrine:—

Fallit visus, odor, tactus  
Soli auditui creditur.

Gibbon's studies after his reconversion all lay in the direction which he followed up so effectively in the *Decline and Fall*. He began with Crousaz' *Logic*, and then went into Locke and Bayle, and he specifies three books as having had a particular influence over him. 1. From Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, "which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity." 2. The Abbé de la Bleterie's *Life of Julian*; and 3. Giannone's *Civil History of Naples*, in which "I observed with a critical eye the progress and abuse of sacerdotal power." These books sufficiently indicate the course in which his mind must have been running during his studies at Lausanne. The general impression which his account of his studies there and afterwards conveys is, that he formed early in life a set of opinions and sympathies which found their complete and natural expression in the *Decline and Fall*, and which it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for him to have expressed so fully in any other shape. Several Histories of our own time might be named—Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*, for instance—which express the author's views upon almost all the great topics of moral and political interest, in the same sort of way in which novels of a certain kind express the sentiments of authors of a lighter cast. It would be impossible to reduce Gibbon's *History* to the form of propositions, yet the

reader feels at every page that it is quite as much a vehicle for the author's sentiments on every sort of subject as a narrative told for the sake of the events which it relates; and the *Memoirs* enable us to see the process as it actually took place.

There are some passages in the *Memoirs* which move the admiration and envy of those who are not able to dispose of their time, and to lay out the plan of their studies, like Gibbon. These are the passages which describe the way in which he prepared himself to get all the instruction that was to be got out of his journeys. When about to go to Rome, "he diligently read the elaborate treatises which fill the fourth volume of the *Roman Antiquities* of Grævius." Also, the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, in two volumes; also Strabo, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, &c., from which he compiled a table of roads and distances reduced to English measure, and filled a folio commonplace book about the geography of Italy and other kindred subjects. Lastly, he read Spanheim *De Præstantiâ et usu Numismatum*. All this was before he had any notion of writing the *History of the Decline and Fall*, and simply by way of a natural preparation for his journey. How many of us can read this, and not blush to think that our most elaborate preparations for such a journey have seldom gone beyond buying a Murray's Handbook, and perhaps a book of Italian Conversations?

From the Saturday Review.

#### DU CHAILLU'S TRAVELS.\*

M. DU CHAILLU's account of his last journey will give little gratification to the lovers of sensational stories or of vigorous interchange of charges of wilful falsehood. He has been again in the neighbourhood of gorillas and cannibals and Bashikouay ants; but he did not actually enter the cannibal country, and his accounts of the habits of gorillas and other zoological curiosities are slight, and little more than a general confirmation of his former reports. He was so far successful in the ape department as to ship a gorilla and a chimpanzee for England. The gorilla died on the way, thus probably depriving the public of the

\* *A Journey to Ashongo Land, and Farther Penetration, into Equatorial Africa.* By Paul B. du Chaillu. London: John Murray. 1867.

greatest treat they have had since the hippopotamus; and the chimpanzee, as we all know, perished miserably at the Crystal Palace. There are no more exciting adventures with solitary monsters of the forest drumming on their breast as they advance to the encounter; and if M. du Chaillu's second volume had been his first, we may venture to say that there would have been no expression of scepticism. It is a repetition of the old story, which has become so well known of late years, of infinite troubles with savage potentates, a progress of a few miles in almost as many weeks, and, in this case, of an ultimately disastrous end to the expedition. M. du Chaillu started, as he has the courage to confess, in hopes of crossing the continent to the Nile. The plan, compared with its result, reminds us of the remark in *Eothen*, that the return voyage of Ulysses from the siege of Troy was really a very fair average passage, considering the peculiarities of Greek navigators. To cross Africa at the rate of progress attained by M. du Chaillu would take up a very large slice of a man's active life; and considering the hardships to be encountered, we should expect him to go in at one side a fine young man, and come out at the other broken-down and grey-headed.

The question, in fact, which we are always asking ourselves is one to which we despair of a rational answer. We often wonder why a man who has attended a public dinner or prosecuted a lawsuit, or been Prime Minister, should even want to repeat the process. We can only say that it is an inscrutable fact in human nature that some employments, which make men thoroughly uncomfortable at the time, have a singular fascination which frequently produces a relapse. A morbid appetite is established, which is gratified in spite of a man's better mind. Yet, allowing this to be true in other cases, we still ask, with new surprise, how a man who has been to Central Africa should ever want to go there again. Every page of M. du Chaillu's volume tends to excite this wonder over again. We do not regret the fact; on the contrary, it is extremely desirable. All knowledge is useful, and we ought to know that there are queer apes and ants and savages "with foreheads villanous low," and with a number of repulsive habits, not far from the Equator, to say nothing of the fact that in this instance we have the result of an amusing, if not of a very exciting, volume. We are grateful to M. du Chaillu for the troubles which he has undergone partly for our benefit, and sincerely hope that they have not injured his

constitution, and have given him some sort of gratification, inexplicable though it may be to us. We entertain this hope the more because M. du Chaillu's last journey was one series of misfortunes, succeeding each other with most depressing monotony. He started from England with an unusual quantity of all the instruments necessary for success. He had carefully studied photography, and practised it under great difficulties upon the coast where he first settled. He had qualified himself for taking astronomical observations, and was provided with all the chronometers and necessary apparatus. He was prepared also to bring back specimens illustrative of every department of natural history. His first piece of ill luck was to be upset in a boat as he was landing, thereby spoiling all his astronomical instruments, and being compelled to wait until a new set could be sent out from England. This and certain other delays prevented his starting until a year after his arrival in the country—that is, at the beginning of October, 1864. He set off at last with "forty-seven large chests of goods, besides ten boxes containing photographic apparatus and chemicals, and fifty voluminous bundles of miscellaneous articles." To transport these and a large quantity of baggage he required one hundred porters, besides a body-guard of ten faithful followers, who accompanied him throughout. This enormous outfit appears to have been one of the proximate causes of his failure. It excited the avarice of the natives, who did everything they could to delay his journey, and, besides a legitimate desire for trade, took every opportunity of deliberately plundering. His porters were always endeavouring to run away and leave him stranded in the wilderness, in order that they might have the chance of breaking open and robbing his chests. The results were occasionally disastrous for the thieves, who had a fancy for experimental investigation of the properties of various photographic and other chemicals; amongst others, arsenic. Their deaths were, of course, set down to M. du Chaillu's powerful witchcraft, and produced rather a healthy impression than otherwise, but not sufficient to check the natural propensity to steal which negroes share with monkeys and with certain higher races. After penetrating some distance, and visiting the falls of Fougamon, where the Ngouyai breaks through the hilly rampart between the coastland and the interior, M. du Chaillu was detained for some months with a chief called Olenda. One characteristic difficulty was produced by the na-



tive superstitions. A chief whom M. du Chaillu had visited died soon afterwards, together with his son; the theory was started that M. du Chaillu had killed them by witchcraft out of friendly motives, wishing to carry them off to the white man's country. The chief whose territories lay next on the route objected to receive a traveller of such irrepressibly friendly feelings; he said that on the whole he preferred staying at home and eating plantains to following the spirit. A far more serious obstacle, however, was an outbreak of the small-pox, which swept off the natives by crowds, and, besides making it difficult to obtain porters, was attributed, like most other things, to the witchcraft of M. du Chaillu. In addition to these difficulties, there were a variety of small intrigues, whose object was to extort as much as possible from the traveller's stores. At length, after a long detention, M. du Chaillu once more set forwards, with twenty porters instead of a hundred, abandoning all the superfluous apparatus and goods which he was unable to carry.

The march was still hindered by the usual obstacles, of which M. du Chaillu gives a touching account. Every new village gave rise to a fresh set of negotiations and delays and extortions. The toilsome marches and watchings and heat were nothing compared with the torments endured from the tiresome villagers. M. du Chaillu says that he began "to dread the sight of an inhabited place. Either the panic-stricken people fly from me, or remain to bore me with their insatiable curiosity, fickleness, greediness, and intolerable din. Nevertheless, I am obliged to do all I can think of to conciliate them, for I cannot do without them; it being impossible to travel without guides through this wilderness of forests where the paths are so intricate."

At last, after more than eight months travelling, M. du Chaillu had succeeded in penetrating between two and three hundred miles into the interior, and reached a place called Mounaou-Kombo. Now Mounaou-Kombo had an outstanding difficulty with the next village, which held a palaver, and decided not to allow the strangers to pass, until the Mounaouans had paid a certain debt of slaves. They sent an escorted deputation to make known this resolution of non-intercourse; a dispute took place, in which a gun went off by accident and killed one of the friendly Mounaouans. This little difficulty might have been got over by M. du Chaillu's proposal to pay for the man in beads. Unluckily it turned out at the critical instant that the same unlucky bullet

had passed through a hut and killed the head wife of the friendly chief. This catastrophe exploded the expedition on the spot. As M. du Chaillu was dependent upon the goodwill of the villagers for the necessary porters, and they were now in arms against him, there was nothing for it but an instant retreat. He packed up a hasty selection of his most valuable goods upon his own body-guard, and started backwards. In a panic which seized his men, photographs and instruments and maps and specimens of natural history were thrown into the bush, and the toil of months irrecoverably lost. There was a long skirmish, in which M. du Chaillu and two or three of his followers were wounded with poisoned arrows, but they were able to keep back their pursuers by a few good shots, and ultimately escaped without loss of life. They found their way back to the coast in September, and M. du Chaillu returned safely to England.

It is hard to criticize the conduct of an expedition which has ended disastrously; for the disappointment must be sufficiently vexatious in itself. We can only say, by way either of apology for the disaster or condemnation of the first design, that the difficulties encountered seem to have been really insurmountable. M. du Chaillu was entirely dependent upon the goodwill of a series of tribes of savages, each more or less hostile to the preceding one. The first time that any accident produced a rupture with them he was practically helpless. Indeed, he seems to have been lucky that the affair happened so near the coast. Deeper in the country, retreat might have been impossible. Even if he had escaped this difficulty, success would apparently have been hopeless from the mere difficulty of carrying supplies. Negroes are not very intelligent, but they are quite sharp enough to lie and intrigue with great effect, in the hope of extorting goods from the traveller; each tribe occupies a very small area, and requires as much negotiation before its territory can be traversed as would be required for a European treaty. To take a sufficient quantity of bulky goods to buy one's way across the great jungle of Equatorial Africa seems to be an almost insoluble problem. The chief interest of M. du Chaillu's book is therefore in the light which it throws upon the condition of the negro. The description is not of a very encouraging nature. The tribes whom he visited are entirely given up to belief in witchcraft. They have the usual faith in fetishes and such pleasant superstitions as are indicated

by a plan for mixing with the traveller's drink scrapings from the skulls of their ancestors, in order to soften his heart and make him give presents. These and other intellectual peculiarities of the race are characteristic of most negroes, and some of them — as, for example, a form of the universal were-wolf superstition — of all savage tribes. Perhaps the most remarkable statement of M. du Chaillu refers to the gradual depopulation of the country. The causes which he assigns are, "the slave-trade, polygamy, barrenness among women, death among children, plagues and witchcraft." These are doubtless all real causes, but the difficulty is that they none of them seem to be of modern origin. The slave trade, he says, is nearly extinct in the district, and all the other causes mentioned must have existed from time immemorial. If they are sufficient to diminish the population so rapidly as to kill off whole clans in the lifetime of men now living, it is difficult to see how it comes that any negroes are left in Africa. They ought to have perished even within the historic period. The tribes in this country appear to be in some respects in an exceptional state. The thick forest which covers it with the exception of a few prairies tends to break them up into smaller fragments than usual, and there seems to be a constant immigration of tribes from the centre, which produces a similar effect. The present tribes are a kind of detritus formed by the remnants of the various tribes that have descended, settled, and been themselves crushed by later immigrations. This would seem to imply a redundancy of population in Central Africa, which is constantly pressing against the dwellers on the coast. The habits of these latter are peculiarly pacific, and they have many virtues of which M. du Chaillu speaks very warmly. The immediate cause of the depopulation described seems to have been the small-pox, which sweeps them off by thousands, although they had the sense, in at least one village, to adopt a kind of quarantine. It is possible that the ravages of this epidemic may have produced the effect noticed by M. du Chaillu, and that it may be a temporary, rather than a permanent, phenomenon. M. du Chaillu does not appear to treat the topic in a very philosophical manner, but probably the facts necessary to form an opinion of any value are still to be discovered. We are glad to admit that he has written a book which, besides being amusing, shows a commendable sympathy with the native tribes; and we fully agree with his conclusion that,

as the negro is tractable, docile, and has many excellent qualities, we ought "to be kind to him and try to elevate him." We do not feel so certain about the statement that he "will disappear in time from his land," nor are we quite clear that M. du Chaillu is competent to follow out the inference with which he rather quaintly concludes: "So let us write his history."

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From the Saturday Review, 16 Feb.

#### THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE French Empire is evidently passing through a crisis. For the first time since his accession, the EMPEROR'S Speech to his Legislature is a mixture of apology and bravado. Praise undeserved, says POPE, is censure in disguise, and the elaborate eulogium which NAPOLEON III. passes on his own policy is a proof that he is not altogether satisfied with its results. As soon as Imperialism begins to blunder, France begins to think; and the EMPEROR is aware that irresponsible monarchs do not enjoy the happy privilege possessed by infallible and constitutional Cabinets, of making mistakes with impunity. A firm and vigorous intellect may keep the French nation for a time in leading-strings. But it is the misfortune of the NAPOLEONS, and of their system, that they cannot afford to be defeated either in diplomacy or war. For the last fifteen years the French have spent their time in growing rich, and in looking out of the window at the Imperial manoeuvres that have been going on below. Debarred from taking a part themselves in the action of the piece, they are all the more keenly alive to anything that goes wrong in the performances; and a series of misadventures is likely to convert the popular applause into a storm of hisses. His MAJESTY'S sudden liberalism reminds one of the sudden liberalism of his uncle. When too late, NAPOLEON I. discovered that it was absolutely necessary for Imperialism to succeed if it was to last, and that the French nation must either be master of the Continent abroad or free at home. NAPOLEON III. has awoke to the consciousness of the same truth, but the difference is that he has awoke to it just in time. Aware that the French are already beginning to question his infallibility, he has resolved to disarm their criticisms by flinging to them as

a peace-offering the long delayed "crowning of the edifice." In so doing he has displayed the sagacity, and the power of accomodating himself to circumstances, which have always been his distinguishing merit. The commonplace autocrats of the day scorn to take in reef when a storm is coming. They prefer to break sooner than to bend. The French EMPEROR is not a BOURBON, and is wise enough to make betimes concessions which circumstances are rapidly rendering inevitable.

France is so susceptible a nation, so keenly alive to all that may be considered a diplomatic or military reverse, and so prompt to visit upon the head of the Government of the day any loss of Continental prestige, that the EMPEROR felt bound to state, as loudly as possible, that after all he has not been the failure which his enemies would wish him to be thought. The Prussian question (for to every Frenchman the German question is in reality a question of Prussia) is one of the supposed reverses which he has to explain away. The Mexican question is another. In both alike NAPOLEON III. has shown a singular combination of decision and indecision, genius and miscalculation. Everybody who knows France is aware that the French have seen this and have read in the EMPEROR's manner that he knows they have seen it. Thursday's Speech was expected, accordingly, with unusual interest; and if, in perusing it, one is oppressed with a sense that the manifesto shows traces of weakness and of artificiality beyond the common, upon the other hand it is clear that the EMPEROR is a Frenchman, and understands the sort of vain-glorious rhetoric which, even in the presence of defeat, Frenchmen still admire.

The Imperial oration starts with the conventional reference to the foresight of the FIRST NAPOLEON. That sainted personage, it seems, foresaw the agglomeration of nations which was inevitable, and which has come at last. This will be some sort of consolation to the French for the undoubted fact that the agglomeration of nations has come a little sooner than NAPOLEON III. wanted it. The transformations that have taken place both in Germany and in Italy have been brought about indirectly by the policy of France. But, through a strange moral paralysis that seems to have seized the EMPEROR at each crisis, they have appeared to be effected at last rather in despite of, than by means of, the French will. In dealing with the history of the Austro-Prussian war, NAPOLEON III. is a little too anxious to assert his own dignity

— a distinct and visible sign of self-proph. "The voice of France," we are told, "had influence enough to arrest the conqueror at the gates of Vienna," without military armaments or strategic demonstration. The EMPEROR, though he "doth protest too much," is right, no doubt, in holding that fear of fresh complications led to the sudden peace. But he does not go on to say that the "voice of France" proved signally incompetent to obtain from the conqueror a rectification of the French frontier. Unless he was about to tell the story of the Prussian war thoroughly, it would have been better to refrain from telling it at all. The significant silence on the subject of his own rejected demands will not be overlooked by the malcontents of the Opposition. If this fragment of the truth was all the EMPEROR meant to dilate upon, it is perhaps as well that the discussion on the Address has been opportunely suppressed in the French Chamber.

The treatment of Mexican affairs is — we use the term without disrespect — equally disingenuous. The EMPEROR has not the courage to tell his people what really occurred, that America put an end to the expedition by remonstrances, the meaning of which could not be misunderstood. He says that he "spontaneously" determined on the recall of his troops. This is a perversion of plain facts. We say so from no wish to annoy Frenchmen, but because it is a system of the times when a great Emperor cannot afford to confess the truth to his subjects. French ushers, French dancing-masters, and some French colonels and historians are in the habit of maintaining that the battle of Waterloo, rightly interpreted, was a national victory. The French-usher spirit seems to be making play in the Tuileries. A dynasty cannot be impregnable which is driven to distort the narrative of State events, and to disguise the broad effect of diplomatic negotiations. "The United States Government comprehended that want of conciliation would have prolonged the occupation." Does the EMPEROR mean to tell Europe that this is a correct epitome of the story? We impute not the faintest blame to him for having withdrawn from Mexico sooner than embroil himself with America. On the contrary, he showed his usual tact and self-control in yielding the point. But it would have been more manly and dignified to have acknowledged the real condition of affairs, or else to have been silent on a matter which he did not think he could discuss with advantage to his dignity. Such an exhibition makes impartial observers feel

acutely the poor and barren side of Imperialism in France. At the state ceremony of Thursday it is evident that care — black care — was sitting behind the Imperial horseman, and that plain truth and candour were absent from his train.

After the ordinary assurances that France is at peace and amity with her neighbours, and the welcome declaration that the Eastern question need no longer trouble the repose of Europe, the Imperial Speech passes next to the consideration of internal affairs. No fresh light is thrown upon the intentions of the Government about organic Reform; and the phrases in which the EMPEROR clothes his professions of liberal sympathies are as vague as Mr. DISRAELI'S Asiatic Resolutions. It is probable that the political crisis in Ministerial circles is not yet over. Perhaps NAPOLEON III. has not entirely matured his plans, or is waiting to see how much more liberty public opinion requires before he orders fresh rations of freedom to be served out. But it is quite as likely that he is considerably embarrassed in his choice of Ministerial agents. The latest changes evidently necessitate the introduction of new blood into the Ministry. Otherwise they will appear to the public suspicious and unsatisfactory, and the only object for which the EMPEROR has decided upon Reform will be absolutely lost. And, in the second place, there is a sense of dignity about French Ministers, even under the present régime, which prevents them from wishing to come forward themselves this year to propose the amendments which it was their duty last year to condemn as mischievous. The Senate at such times becomes a most valuable institution. When an old Minister is done with, he is turned out to grass in that quiet paddock for a season or two, with a salary and social position which go far to compensate him for political disappointments. A fresh instrument is called in to undertake the fresh work; and in this way, although the Empire repudiates the idea of Ministerial responsibility, it preserves the kindred idea of Ministerial consistency. If NAPOLEON III. has made up his mind as to men, it is thought that he already sees his way clearly to the measures. But it is by no means easy to be sure of getting the right men. M. OLLIVIER, with all his abilities and ambition, must be at best an experiment, and an experiment which would add a new infusion of personal bitterness into the discussions of the Legislative Body. Accordingly, the French EMPEROR'S Address passes lightly over the most interesting of the projects which he is maturing;

and, beyond a general invitation to France to step out briskly with him on the path of civilization, contains little to satisfy the curiosity of Paris. Still, French Reforms must come, even if they do not come this month or the next. Recent events have deposed France from her assumed office of the armed policeman and missionary of Europe. The wave of Continental democracy and of Continental nationalities is driving back French influence within its natural limits. The consolidation of Italy and Germany is, on the whole, a blow to French egotism. In the last year France has undergone no real humiliation, though the vanity of her Foreign Office may have been occasionally roughed; nor can she be exposed to any serious annoyance without a disturbance of the quiet of the Continent. But if the EMPEROR'S dynasty is to hold its own against old and new parties, it will soon be necessary to associate the name of NAPOLEON III. with more substantial forms of free government than the French have been of late permitted to enjoy.

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From the Saturday Review, 16 Feb.

#### AMERICAN TARIFF.

THE only measures which seem likely to be passed by the Thirty-ninth Congress are restrictions on trade, which to European economists seem injudicious and unlikely to be permanent. The Republican party has from its first origin, been disposed to support protective duties, but before the war it was difficult to find an excuse for collecting taxes which were not required to meet the national expenditure. The Southern representatives were for the most part opposed to the demands of the Northern manufacturers, both from motives of local interest and from political dislike to New England. As soon as secession was announced, the representatives of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania hurried on the MORRILL tariff, under pretence of providing for the expenses of the struggle; and every subsequent change in the Customs duties has been made in the direction of increased discouragement of importation, with little regard to the acquisition of revenue. The ASSISTANT-SECRETARY of the TREASURY has lately prepared a tariff which, in the judgment of his department, cannot be exceeded without loss to the Treasury; yet

both houses of Congress have concurred in raising the scale of duties for the avowed purpose of protecting domestic industry. It is not necessary to inquire into scandalous reports of personal corruption. The agents of different trading interests may bring much influence to bear on members without resorting to direct bribery. It is not denied that the manufacturers, the iron-masters, and especially the wool-growers, have exerted their utmost activity in the lobbies of the Capitol; but their efforts would have been ineffectual if any strong and general conviction had been opposed to the selfish demands of interested classes. The opponents of extravagant rates of duties have almost uniformly confined themselves to the vague and inconclusive assertion that the actual tariff affords sufficient protection. It may perhaps have been useless to challenge the principle of a protective tariff; but the mere comparison of arbitrary bounties can lead to no useful result. A partial or an entire monopoly of production is equally unjust, and proportionally injurious to the consumer; and if a cotton-spinner has a right to a domestic market for his goods, it is difficult to show that he ought to be exposed to any kind of competition. The wool-growers may allege with plausibility that they are imperfectly secured as long as a single bale of wool is imported from foreign countries; and as exclusion tends to increase the cost of home production, the argument for an additional percentage of customs' duties becomes constantly stronger. It is only surprising that the great bulk of the community should consent to be taxed for the benefit of an insignificant minority; but the greater energy of concentrated interests makes up for the deficiency of intrinsic strength. The weaver is more in earnest in keeping up the price of cloth than the purchaser in obtaining on fair terms one among many articles of consumption; yet the conspiracy of producers would probably be defeated if wool had not happened to be at the same time an agricultural product and a considerable article of importation. The farmers want no protection for their corn, but they either grow wool or sympathize with the flock-masters.

The woolen manufacturers would gladly have made an exception in favour of their own material, but the alliance of the wool-growers was indispensable to the protectionists.

Many Americans are probably disappointed at the prosperity of Canadian trade, notwithstanding the abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty. Similar experience awaits them when they shall have excluded European manufactures from the Union. It is not likely that protected manufactures will create formidable competition in foreign markets, and it will be better worth while to sell dear and bad articles at home than to cheapen and improve them for exportation. English manufacturers who see their property endangered or impaired by the demands of their workmen may be excused for regarding with complacency the voluntary assumption of gratuitous burdens by their most formidable rivals. Some branches of American Industry are already on the verge of extinction, and the new tariff will extend the operation of the laws by which political economy avenges the violation of its doctrines. It would be ungracious to triumph in the avoidance of a flagrant error as a proof of superior wisdom. Free trade might perhaps not yet have been appreciated in England, if protective duties had not accidentally been associated with aristocratic privileges. When the Corn-laws are consigned to oblivion, it is possible that a Parliament elected by operative producers may, as in America, devote itself to plotting against the interests of the consumer. The artisans of New South Wales are at this moment demanding a protection of 15 or 20 per cent. against the neighbouring colony of Victoria, and Trades' Unions would soon find that they ought in consistency to protect their employers against foreign competition. For the present generation the popular dislike to the Corn-laws will probably secure England against an imitation of American tariffs. Mr. BRIGHT himself hates an error which to his imagination is permanently embodied in the class of land-owners.



## THE BISHOPS ON CEREMONIALISM.

So long as the controversy about a more splendid or more sordid Church service confined itself to an abstract discussion, it was but a very dry bone to wrangle about. Viewed either purely on its inherent merits, or surveyed only under its historical aspect, there was nearly as much to be said on one side as on the other. To all but the technical and legal mind ceremonialism and anti-ceremonialism could produce a justification equally substantial and equally inconclusive. And, even as regards the legal mind, it was six of one and half a dozen of the other whether the chasuble had or had not the law on its side. Eminent counsel have pronounced, with equal certainty and the impartiality of a common assurance, totally opposite opinions. And this opposition is precisely what the historical facts of the case would have led any student to anticipate. The English Reformation — instead of being what prejudice or ignorance is pleased to consider it, a well-considered protest against abuses, and a large well-weighed embodiment of fixed principles — is known to have been an inconsistent, vague, vacillating series of hand-to-mouth expedients, tried in succession by all sorts of people, under all sorts of influences, to meet all manner of fluctuating necessities, by inventing compromises and bargains to suit every passing emergency, the whim of a tyrant, the imbecility of a child, the cupidity of a knave, and the caprice of a woman. The question of ceremonies, because it deals with concrete and material subjects, forcibly illustrates, not only the character — which is no character at all — of the Reformation period, but the whole of our ecclesiastical history since the sixteenth century. Born in a compromise, the Church of England exists, and has succeeded, as a compromise. Its outward aspect faithfully reflects its inward spirit, and neither in form nor substance has it any reason to be ashamed of this. Only let it be confessed. The Ceremonialists have much to say for themselves, because they may point, not only to their famous rubric about the usages of the second year of Edward VI., but to the principle of the thing, to show that there is no argument, as the Puritans very well knew and admitted, for or against the surplice, which is not equally strong for or against the cope. The old and intelligible ground urged by the first Puritans was that any distinction of ministerial dress meant everything. It conceded the principle. On the other hand,

as the real thing now wrangled about is the revival of disused vestments and the meaning of them, as well as their form, the anti-Ceremonialists and the more cautious High Churchmen have a very strong ground in their appeal to fact, first that chasubles and incense never have been used in the reformed Church of England, and that it is a matter of policy not to insist upon them, or not to urge them as *de fide* now. All this, *mutatis mutandis*, applies with a sufficiently rough and practical accuracy to doctrine as well as to ceremonial. When it is pretended that doctrine, so closely akin to the teaching of the Latin Church as to require a theological microscope to detect the faint variety of tissue, is an absolute novelty among English theologians, this can only be said by those who enjoy the fool's paradise of literary and historical ignorance. There never was an hour of the later English Church in which this taunt or boast could not have been, and as a matter of fact has not been, urged, and it is incapable of disproof. Nor is the recent *Eirenicon*, as far as its principle goes, nor again the recent inchoate desire after a general pacification of Christendom, nor the extant attempt to harmonize differences on all sides, a new thing. Now upwards, now downwards, now this side, now that, now east and now west, the path of English Christianity has been an ecliptic, with torrid and frigid tendencies in alternation. All that anybody ought to feel is, that it is better to leave things as they are, because they always have been so. This was the principle of the Gorham judgment; not a very logical, but a very practical, one. If the chaos, which is after all no such bad thing, is ever to take definite form and order, it will be by subtle and gradual and imperceptible influences. A cataclysm and violent interruption of causes working somehow or other steadily enough, though always in the dark, is not to be desired. And an artificial cataclysm, such as the promoters of penal suits against either party desire, is a contradiction in terms. It will remove no evil. When we have got that Free Church of pure Protestantism which the impotent despair of Lord Shaftesbury contemplates, or even the *petite église* of M. Jules Ferrette, when Syrian Jacobites and Scotch Presbyterians meet together, and when the *Directorium* and the *Directory* have kissed each other, what then? Why the English mind and English people will remain much as before. We shall have a very little schism. But the British father of a family will have a Church and will have an Establishment

and in that Established Church there must be room made, as the Bishop of London sensibly enough says, for Dr. Pusey and Dr. Daniel Wilson. It might be well if this lesson of mutual tolerance were more explicitly learnt.

Such tolerance, however, is not one of our middle-class English virtues. During the last few months Ceremonialism has been debated in a very fierce and aggravating way. The leaders in the movement of which the external forms are embodied in incense and chasubles have gone far beyond the innovators of 1842; and they are a very inferior set of minds. Their sole literature is confined to the very husks and rinds of archaeology. They have only carried with them the feminine mind of the Church. It is remarkable that the really great minds of the High Church party have always stood aloof from the revival of excessive Ceremonialism. Dr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford, have, though in various degrees, shown a marked disapproval of what has culminated in a district church in Holborn. But what Laud in the plenitude of his power, what Wren and Juxon and Sheldon in the full tide of reaction against Puritanism, never dreamed of doing, has been attempted by the congregations and nameless curates of a few district churches in London. Undeterred by the significant events of 1842, when the late Bishop of London beat a retreat more hasty than dignified from a position which, with his usual precipitancy, he had occupied, the Ceremonialists of 1866 have been gradually innovating on the Church services till the British mind has got fairly frightened. We are only surprised that the explosion was not earlier. The Ceremonialists were over and over again warned of what was sure, sooner or later, to come of their pertinacious and irritating attacks on English prejudice or English tradition. But they persisted in a course which was certain to end in a popular agitation. Utterly careless of general interests, and too conceited and self-reliant to accept advice or to listen to even friendly remonstrance, they thought they were strong enough to reverse English history and to brave English opinion. The consequences are now before them. It is useless to recall the steps which have led to the recent combined *mandement* of the English Bishops. Towards the close of the year, when the silly season had touched its *nadir*, that particularly pleasant-tempered gentleman "S. G. O." favoured the *Times* with one of his

well-known letters on a private matter of ancient date which was no concern of his, and of which the result was that he received a stern rebuke for his impertinent interference from the family who alone were interested in it. With that singular mixture of impolicy and candour which belongs to the man of the cloister, Dr. Pusey permitted himself to argue, with an unequal opponent, subjects which, one would have thought, might have been considered too delicate, if not too sacred, for public discussion in a newspaper. But the floodgates were opened, and from the Confessional to Ritualism the transition was easy. Lord Shaftesbury followed "S. G. O.'s" lead, and believing, or affecting to believe, that education and intelligence had all gone over to Tractarianism, the veteran Head of Protestantism wrote to the *Times*, announcing that only a miracle could save "the doctrine of the Reformation," menaced somewhere in Baldwin's Gardens by an enthusiastic curate in gorgeous apparel.

Lord Shaftesbury's notion of miraculous intervention seems to be that of a Committee of Religious Safety, of which he is to be perpetual Chairman, and so thinks the *Record*. But so do not, for some reason or other, some other influential people. We do not pretend to know how it has come to pass that Lord Shaftesbury is not so popular as he was. The Committee on Ritualism — which means the Committee against Ceremonialism — has thought proper to commit its interests to Mr. Robert Hanbury and Mr. John Abel Smith; and for some weeks the Evangelical organs have been favouring us with the details of the domestic dispute which has taken place for the honour of heading the protest of the Protestant public against incense, lighted candles, and chasubles. It is not improbable that the cashiering of Lord Shaftesbury was a politic movement on the part of the Committee. There are plenty of churchmen, who have no sympathy with the Ceremonialists, who would be at once repelled by Lord Shaftesbury's leadership: but it remains to be seen whether they have greater confidence in Lord Ebury and Mr. John Abel Smith. It is too much, however, to believe that this Committee has had any real influence on the settlement of the question. The Bishops of London, Oxford, and St. David's had delivered their Charges before the Buckingham Street conclave was formed; and when three such Bishops had pronounced an opinion which was substantially identical on the Ceremonial question, the mind of the Church had

been practically declared; and the question might be considered as settled, as far at least as settlement was possible.

The recent Resolution of the Upper House of Convocation, adopted without much difficulty and with a general sanction by the Lower House, is in fact only a condensed epitome of the course indicated by the three influential Bishops whose Charges we have just mentioned. The Resolution follows precedent. We know that in fact the safe and prudent course of Archbishop Howley and the English Bishops, in 1842, not only allayed public discontent, but secured the peace of the Church for many years. The same result will probably follow in the present emergency. The Bishops, as Bishops, have come forward, not as the representatives of their own private opinions, but they claim a position analogous to that occupied by the Judges whose business it is to give a legal interpretation, and not private glosses of a statute. The framers of the present Prayer Book could not but foresee that what is now happening would be sure some day or other to happen. "Doubts" must sooner or later arise "in the use and practice of the same;" and a provision for meeting the case is made in the Act of Uniformity. On this provision the Bishops now fall back; and their strength is that it is a legal provision, a fair provision, and a reasonable provision. It does not mean, because it cannot mean, either that there are to be twenty-six co-ordinate authorities all interpreting a disputed point in conflicting decisions, or that in the two Archbishops is vested a paramount authority of deciding in possibly two discordant judgments. What the reference to the Bishop of the diocese and the appeal to the Archbishop announces is a decision "not contrary to anything contained in this Book." This can only be arrived at by the Bishop deciding, not in his back parlour, or according to his lights great or small, but upon legal grounds, arrived at in some legal way. How the Bishops are to inform themselves must be left to the Bishops to discover. Sensible and moderate people will be quite content to leave this matter to the Bishops themselves. Difficulties enough will they have. When appealed to by dissident parishes and congregations their course is sufficiently clear; but to intervene, if they intend to intervene, without being appealed to either by minister or people, is another affair. Their Resolution may be used in far Carlisle as an engine of mischievous interference. In Salisbury it may remain a dead letter; and in London it is sure to provoke censure and strife in pro-

portion to the moderation with which it may be expected to be employed. To all this the Bishops—who do not seem, as the Bishop of St. David's informs us, to have spent much time on elaborating it—must have made up their minds when they passed their hastily drawn Resolution. Be this as it may, they have appealed to an authority which is certainly not *extra vires*; the baldest view of a superintendent's office must trust them with the responsibility which they now claim. Till they have failed—and we do not see how they can fail so long as they remember that they are officials and not partizans—we are quite content to let matters stand. An appeal to good sense and good feeling on both sides is seldom made in vain. And at any rate the fussy programme of deputations to Lord Derby, and applications for Royal Commissions, speeches in Parliament, and petitions from all parts of the country, is effectually shelved. Few people will be disposed to call in quacks while the regular practitioners are in consultation; and till the Bishops abandon the case we shall not send either for Lord Shaftesbury or Mr. Hanbury.

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From the London Review.

#### CHIGNONOLOGY.

M. DU CHAILLU, in his recently published book, describes a belle of Equatorial Africa with a chignon not at all unlike what may be seen any day in Regent-street or Piccadilly. The difference between the Ishogo and the English lady is that the former manufactures the chignon out of her own hair and head while the latter buys it ready-made in the shops. In Ishogo, as in England, there are also varieties of chignon. M. Du Chaillu presents us with drawings of the vertical, the oblique, and the horizontal. Here we have improved upon the attractive device until poetry and French dictionaries are ransacked to christen the ornamental subdivisions. The chignon being, so to speak, a more ethereal grace than the hoop or crinoline, admits of minuter descriptions, and the artists employed in the new branch of industry are permitted to entitle their designs as multifariously as the recondite inventions of the milliners, who have at least fifty different species of bonnets already catalogued. Such primitive terms as vertical, horizontal, or oblique,

merely expressing position, may do well enough for Ishogo, where dress and language are restrained within the simplest elements, and where, in fact, very little more than a chignon and a necklace is required for ordinary promenade costume. But in a civilized community the chignon keeps pace with other developments, and though the female taste for the thing itself may be universal, it is only to be expected that, with our superior advantages, we should have superior chignons.

Decorations are often an index to disposition, and when they are accredited with a certain style and character, this notion becomes still more probable. "Show me your chignon and I will tell you what you are," appears to be at first a wild parody upon a sensible proverb, but there is as much truth in the parody as in the primitive saw. If chignons increase and multiply we see no reason why a science of comparative chignonology — a gay science not unlike that of Mr. Dallas — may not be established, and at present there is almost sufficient data for an Owen in that line to start with. Here, for instance, is a list embracing a few of the varieties of this charming object:—

Caprice	} Chignon	Marchioness
Imperial		Soleil
Royal		Unique
Coquette		Perfection
Divine		Elegance
Phantasy		Duchess
Candour		

It will be perceived how the fashion accommodates itself to all minds as well as to all polls. We have no doubt but that the mourning-houses have already supplied themselves with chignons for sad occasions, vidual excrescences, lumps indicative of mitigated affliction, or globular and hirsute monuments to the memory of remoter relatives. The chignon cannot be confounded with other artificialities which ladies put on and off. It is even superior to that mysterious fabric which is now substituted for the sansflectum. It holds a more dignified situation, and is in its youth and vigour, while the latter is only the shred or shadow of its former self—shrunk, like the Roman's fame, to a little measure. *Embonpoint* has had its day, and contours are shifted. The chignon of our great great grandmothers was what, in Ishogo, they would term a perpendicular; and the Pompadour style is closely followed in the chignon, oblique of the same country. But now comes the question, Why do ladies wear chignons?

Do men fall in love with chignons? Does an Ishogonian and a Cockney share in this extraordinary sentiment, and both lay their hearts at the back of their respective Juliet's heads? Ladies, of course, are the best judges in such matters, and it would be well if some of them who write on political economy would enlighten us on a point of this kind. Given the chignon, to find the reason for it; such would be the problem. Even a lady's reason would be better than none. The hoops were driven out by fire, and the chignons are threatened with "gregarines." The "gregarines," according to the *Lancet*, haunt the chignon, and gentlemen who have refreshed themselves with an examination into the domestic affairs of these hypothetical creatures testify to the fact that chignons are good for gregarines, but that gregarines are destructive to health. It is strange that ladies are invariably unfortunate in this respect, that they never manage to combine the principles of fashion with the rules of hygiene.

Artificial wreaths contain arsenic, tight lacing produces consumption, low dresses are not healthy, high-heeled boots encourage corns, small bonnets invite neuralgia, face powder results in blotches, and now the chignon breeds gregarines. It is awkward, too, that the gregarines should have been discovered just as a report appeared in the papers that a lady's life had been saved by a chignon. The chignon might have had a long career before it, and we think may have: but its popularity has received a momentary check. The *Daily Telegraph* had a chignon boiled on its own account this week, having first rehashed and served up a stolen dish from the medical papers, and the results of the experiment were so awful that we are surprised they were not made the subject of a leader. This chignon, besides being boiled was put round the neck of a hen, its situation there being considered by the experimenter to represent closely its office and position in the fashionable world. The consequences had to be partly expressed in Latin, and were exceedingly disagreeable. Now the *chef* who prepared this dish for the *Telegraph* used even more than the ordinary quantity of piquant sauce so popular in his establishment. The gregarines are possibly not animals at all, and may be a comparatively harmless though disgusting vegetable formation. They are not "epizoa," and they never develop into pediculi. In fact, pediculi are never found in dead hair. Then, again, artificial hair for the most part comes from France and Germany, and not from the "filthy Bur-

lakes." However, we need not dwell on this part of the subject. What the ladies will say on the matter it is not easy to conjecture. It is not improbable that they will stick to the chignons through good and evil report. They are not deterred by trifles from what they have once taken a fancy to, and if you want to confirm a woman in her attachment to anything, you have only to abuse it; if she only had a slight regard for it before, she will then love it with a positive enthusiasm which might be mistaken for obstinacy, but which is simply a touch of genuine female nature. What an amount of comic and serious writing, of coroners' inquests and trials by jury for omnibus and rail-way-tunnel misconceptions was expended before crinoline was given up! Then the chignon must be examined by a microscope before its condition is detected, and a microscope does not form a part of a lady's toilette furniture. In Ishogo the women suffer all the inconveniences of the fashion, but find a compensation for them in the fashion itself. English ladies are not likely to be behind Ishogo in this respect. They are glorious martyrs to custom, and have often before stood boldly up against the innovations of science. If they once take it into their heads that chignons will aid them in procuring husbands, the imaginary gregarines will be regarded as nothing. Chignons are classic and Parisian. Chignons are borrowed directly from French dames whose patrons are in the jockey club. Chignons derive a certain charm of innocent naughtiness from their very origin. Chignons enable ladies to appear on an equality with each other, whether nature has been scanty or profuse to them. The chignon is another weapon added to the captivating armoury. Between dyes and chignon pads and puffs the figure and face will be irresistibly prepared for conquest. If those embellishments are multiplied further, we shall arrive at a situation not dissimilar to that which is prophesied as the result of continued advances in the science of war. A time must come when nothing more can be done; when art shall be satisfied with her work upon the female model, and express her inability to improve it by a single additional cushion. Then we shall have the millennium of fashion, and perhaps a return to primitive simplicity. When the forces of attraction are on all sides equal,

competition must cease. Chignons and contours, when universal, must defeat their own object, just like long-shooting cannon and Greek fire. Some other novelty may then of course, be started; but there may be an end to the combinations of millinery, and chignonism cannot be inexhaustible. Perhaps the costume of Dr. Walker may be that of the future. If our professions are to be invaded, why not our garments? If we are left our paletots in peace, however, we may leave the ladies their chignons. Surely the privileges accorded to women in a foreign and barbarous land, should not be denied them on our free soil? It is cowardly to attack the chignons as they have lately been attacked. If they can only be got at from the rear their opponents should at least not invent scandal of them, and write of "gregarines" and chignons in the same way as they wrote of sausages and trichinosis. A clown in one of our current pantomimes makes a chignon of a pound of property sausages, and perhaps the sight of it gave rise to the "gregarines." We can present the ladies who are attached to chignons with the fact that the "gregarines" will not swarm in the atmosphere of ball-rooms, for the simple reason that they will prefer to remain, with other congenial insects, in the brains of the *savants*, from whence they got temporarily into the newspapers.

Dr. Johnson tells us that vegetable substances are much cleaner than animal, and adds with a vivacity not usual to him, that if he lived in the East he should have his several wives clothed in cotton rather than in silk. It is satisfactory to know, that the gregarines are not as bad as we have had them represented, and that instead of exhibiting the liveliness of black-beetles they can at most only display the activity of thisledown. Of course, it is impossible for us to pronounce upon what a gregarine specially procured for the *Daily Telegraph* would be capable of doing, and we do not, therefore, dwell upon the wonders of the chignon recently published in that amazing journal. Ladies will keep to chignons until they tire of them, and to make them the occasion of sensational paragraphs is ungallant and unworthy of our contemporaries, and so far from affecting the ladies' taste in reference to chignons will but confirm it.



From the Spectator, Feb. 9.

## THE EARTHQUAKE IN ALGERIA.

[From a Correspondent.]

WE left Algiers the day before the earthquake, to spend New Year's Day in the country, returning to sleep that one night at Blidah, a town about thirty miles distant, situated at the foot of the Lesser Atlas. A more delightful New Year's Day I have seldom passed. Our party, consisting of a lady and her two daughters, my husband and self, were the guests of a French gentleman who has just acquired a large property in the neighbourhood. We went by train to Blidah, engaged rooms at the hotel, and drove over the plain to our friend's property. It lies on the southern slope of the Sahel, a low range of hills thrown out like a line of sentries in front of the lofty Atlas chain, guarding the sea coast, the beautiful crescent-shaped plain of the Metidja sweeping round between the two ranges. As we neared our destination, the road plunged into a forest of gigantic olives, laden with masses of the silver-tasselled African clematis and the red-berried sarsaparilla. A *dejeuner* in company with an Arab chief, awaited us, and we hardly knew whether to satisfy our sharpened appetites or feed our curious minds by conversing with this strange guest, who spoke excellent French and was a travelled and enlightened man. After breakfast came a visit to a wonderful old ruin, whose mysterious origin is a constant problem to the antiquarians of Algiers, while the beauty of its site delighted us humbler lovers of the picturesque. Altogether it was a day full of interest. We turned our backs on the spot with regretful hearts, and many a last look at the scene of loveliness ever outspread before it. The sun was sinking, a broad shadow crept slowly toward us over the plain, soft pink lights and delicate purple pencillings of shadow defined the summits of the Atlas, whilst at their foot, far in the distance, rose the white smoke of the smiling peaceful villages, whence so soon would rise the voice of terror and weeping. "Beautiful Algeria," we exclaimed, "happy those whose homes lie amid such scenes of loveliness!" Wild projects passed through our minds during our star-lit drive to Blidah; already half dreaming of a possible future, we lay down to rest, to be rudely awakened on the morrow.

At 7.15 on the morning of the 2d I was roused from sleep by a sound as of some one

beating the floor above and the walls on every side. It increased rapidly in violence, till the whole house shook, and rocked, and seemed giving way beneath our feet. I saw the wall in the corner of the room split and open, and immediately afterwards masses of plaster fell from the ceiling and walls, bringing clouds of dust and a darkness as of night. I lay cowering in bed from some unaccountable impulse, which made me fancy myself safer there, as I heard the crashing of the falling wood and plaster, and the awful sound of the walls being cracked and rent apart. An age of ever increasing horror seemed to pass (in reality, I believe, scarcely thirty seconds), till I heard my husband's voice calling me to fly. I rushed blindly to the door and out into the corridor, guided by the most piercing shrieks. In one instant we thought of our friends on the floor above, where the danger, of course, was so much greater. Thank God! they soon stood in safety beside us. All the inmates of the hotel were running wildly about, some tearing down stairs out into the street. The women's screams and cries were what first made me feel actually afraid, and caused me to realize that all these terrible sights and sounds meant danger to life and limb.

The shock was so sudden, so wholly without preparation, that the mind was absorbed only in the consciousness of the *Unknown*, in the new and awful experience. So little, indeed, did any of us know what our peril was, that we remained in the house more than a quarter of an hour after the first shock, the landlord assuring us all was over. As we had literally nothing on but our night-dresses, we at length went back to our rooms and hastily gathered up some clothing, which we put on how and where we could, in the open passage, heedless of the people running to and fro, collecting their valuables. It was no time for conventionalities. Our friends on venturing up the tottering staircase found their rooms choked with plaster and rubbish, the walls separated from the shaking floor, which hardly seemed firm enough to bear their weight, the whole a complete scene of ruin, while on the pillow of one of them lay a large mass of wood, almost too heavy to lift. She had happily sprung from her bed instantaneously at the first alarm.

A fresh though slighter shock now drove us from the house, where we had already tarried foolishly long, and the cry was, "To the 'place'!" Thither we rushed in the pouring rain. It was already crowded with people from all parts of the town in the most pitiable condition. Some half dressed;

some crying bitterly; some wringing their hands, lamenting the loss of their little all, their stock-in-trade ruined and shattered, their houses rent from top to bottom, in some cases level with the earth. Numbers of poor Jewesses sat crouching on the wet ground, holding their sobbing children, rocking themselves to and fro and moaning loudly, while above all rose ever and anon the wailing sound of the cavalry trumpets and the rolling of the drum, calling on the soldiers to quit their tottering barracks. A sick French lady, apparently dying, was carried out in her bed on to the "place." She lay white and motionless, while the most curious and least scrupulous crowded round her. The Arabs alone stalked about unmoved, shrugging their shoulders, and muttering, "It is destiny!"

As no more shocks occurred and the rain still continued, we at length took shelter under the colonnade of a one-storeyed house; but soon a low rumbling was heard, as of distant thunder, and every one precipitated themselves into the midst of the "place." It was a fearful scene. People came tearing down the neighbouring streets, women and children ran aimlessly hither and thither, shrieking wildly, men even uttering hoarse sounds of terror, while the ground heaved and trembled beneath our feet, and we gazed at the surrounding houses in expectant horror; it seemed as if they must fall like a pack of cards. The shock, however, was slight, but still, dreading another, all now remained in the open "place," as their only chance of safety, and the drum beat announcing the Maire's command that every one should take refuge there and quit their houses, whither some of the boldest had returned to save their property. Another and severer shock followed in about half an hour. The young trees rocked and swayed, and the flag-staff near waved backwards and forwards. Several houses fell completely to the ground.

It was a time of awful expectation, rendered even more dreadful by the low, terrified snatches of conversation on all sides. One man told of the earthquake at Blidah in 1825, when eight thousand perished and the whole town was destroyed. Another said, "We have not yet had the worst shock," while a third confidently affirmed that the great shock of all would be at half past ten; groundless prophecies, but still alarming enough to hearers nervous from the terror and excitement of the last three hours. And yet amid it all it was curious to notice how soon the mind grew accustomed to danger. How we calmly calculated

whether we should be out of reach of the houses if they fell forwards into the "place," how we carefully chose our position so as to be clear of the piece of water in the centre in case of a sudden rush from the crowd; how we finally procured chairs to rest our wearied frames, as, keeping closely together, our little band waited and watched for the worst. Overhead like a pall hung the leaden sky. Rain still fell heavily, as it had not ceased to do since midnight. Rain, long wished for over the length and breadth of a thirsty land, came at last, like many an anxiously desired blessing, hand-in-hand with misfortune.

As nothing fresh occurred, we finally determined to make our way down to the railroad, so as to be ready for the 12.30 train, that from Algiers having arrived safely, and the line being declared uninjured. The guard afterwards told us he saw the rails some distance on in front heave up and down like an immense wave. In fear and trembling we passed under the tottering walls of the houses on our path, not daring to run, lest we should create a panic among the poor terror-stricken beings in the "place." Arrived at the station, we sat in one of the carriages awaiting departure, and after experiencing one more slight shock, started for Algiers, which we reached in about a couple of hours, to find no damage suffered there, although considerable alarm. The hotel, our rooms, all looked as on that peaceful New Year's morning, not thirty-six hours ago, when we set off in high spirits, full of pleasant anticipations. The events of the day seemed a hideous dream. But it was a dream not to be lightly shaken off. Again and again, during the ensuing week, that mighty trembling made itself felt, happily only in a slight degree, and every night we lay down with all prepared for flight at our bedside, sometimes even sleeping half dressed, to be ready at the slightest warning. Almost every one in the hotel has since confessed to similar precautions. However, as at length all has grown quiet, and days have passed without any fresh alarm, our courage has crept back again, though a sudden noise or the rumbling of the heavy waggons on the quay still makes us start nervously, and recalls the never-to-be-forgotten sensations of the 2nd of January.

In other places the after shocks were more frequent, some forty or fifty having been counted, but no new damage of any consequence seems to have occurred. People are beginning to take heart, detachments of soldiers have been despatched to

assist the colonists in rebuilding their houses, subscriptions raised to allay the unavoidable misery of many. Blidah, although rendered uninhabitable, was spared the greater disasters which befell Mouzaïa, El Affroun, and two other villages, which appear to have been immediately over the centre of disturbance. They were literally levelled to the ground, and scarcely a family among their inhabitants but had some member killed or wounded beneath the ruins. Had the earthquake happened in the night the casualties must have been far greater, whereas most were able to rush from the falling houses, the larger proportion of sufferers being young children and infants. One little babe, however, was found uninjured in its cradle, part of the wall, falling across, having formed a kind of protecting arch over it. But other heart-rending stories are told of a young woman whose infant was killed in her arms, she herself receiving only a severe blow on the chest; of another poor creature who when extricated spoke of having heard her husband's voice crying for help, till a fresh shock silenced him for ever.

But enough of such sad scenes. The French, with that buoyancy of nature which is one of their most enviable qualities, have already taken fresh courage, and set to work to rebuild their houses. Will they, however, learn any lesson from this disaster? Will they see the insecurity of their present mode of building, and think of the future? At El Affroun one house alone remained standing amid the ruins which surround it. To what peculiarity of structure does it owe its immunity? It is built of beams of wood intersecting one another, the interstices filled with brickwork — much like what we term "pargeting" (from the French word *parquet*), and which may be seen in old cottages and manor houses in England, and in most of the houses in the north-east of Switzerland. It has been universally remarked here that brick masonry has resisted the action of the earthquake better than stone. It has more elasticity, and where it is combined with the still more elastic substance wood the best material is presented. This system of con-

struction is generally adopted in the countries exposed to repeated subterranean action, such as Asia Minor, Greece, the Archipelago. Bricks dried in the sun are often substituted for baked bricks, as possessing even more elasticity. Of course the most patent fact of all is the folly of building high houses. Even where comparatively little damage has been done, that damage was in the higher storeys. A schoolboy knows that oscillation increases with the distance from the centre of the movement, and every day we act on this principle when we avoid the last carriage of a long train, or carefully choose our berths at sea as near midships as possible. And yet here in Algiers, even at this moment, they go on completing the new streets of houses five and six storeys high. One shudders to think of the awful loss of life which must have ensued had the shocks of the 2nd been felt in full force here. Hitherto it is true that the centre of convulsion has always been near the mountains raised by that agency centuries ago. But there is no security that such will always be the case, or that Algiers is to be the privileged spot its inhabitants imagine. Of the frequency of volcanic action in the colony there can be no doubt. Within the last forty-eight years nine earthquakes have occurred, some repeated during many weeks. Their effects of course varied in violence in different places, according as these were situated with regard to the centre of disturbance, but all were attended with considerable loss of life and property in different parts. Would that people might heed the lesson of wisdom, and prepare Algeria to resist future assaults! Northern wanderers like ourselves turn thankfully to their native shore, where all is peace and stability. Old England may be rough and blustering; not from her the warm greeting of the balmy South; her sun is pale, her breath chill; but at least her soil is firm and true, and her children may rest secure on her bosom, knowing that if all else fails them, there they will ever find a sure support.

L. H. E.

Algiers, January 22, 1867.

## HUMAN PEACOCKS.

THE Esterhazy Jewels, now on view at Mr. Boore's, in the Strand, are worth seeing for more than one reason. To those who admire precious stones, who obtain a genuine pleasure from the sight of intense and so to speak, living colour, no inducement is necessary, except to say that no such collection is likely to be gathered together again in our time; that it includes one group of diamonds—an aigrette made of them, the feathers drooping with the weight of brilliants as pure as dew—which is, we imagine, without a rival in Europe; and at least two emeralds which to gem fanciers will alone repay their trouble. Looking into their depths gives one a new sense of the luxury of colour, suggests the thought that we have yet to extract from nature one great Art secret. It is not, however, for connoisseurs in gems that we are now writing, though their special taste, so long as it is a taste, and not a mere excuse for ostentation, does not quite deserve the contempt graver men are apt to lavish on what they consider a vanity fit only for women and Asiatics. There are not so many things which are at once imperishable, unchangeable, and beautiful that we should despise diamonds. Men however, who care nothing about jewels may still be interested in the fact that this collection, worth so many tens of thousands, is neither more nor less than a man's dress,—a single suit, probably the last suit which will ever be made in Europe to express "princedom" in a form visible to every eye. The jewels,—on jackets, sword, snuff-box, chieftain's feather, &c,—were all intended to be worn together, and were so worn, we believe, at the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and it is a curious instance of the change passing over civilization that they will never be so worn again. Nobody would buy the whole dress, for nobody could wear it. We very much doubt if even the aigrette can be sold entire, except to break up. It might be purchased by some Pasha, rich with the oppression of millions, to present to the Sultan, and if the Bombay men had kept their money some one of them would doubtless have made a daring bid. But no Western man of the class which has the cash to buy such an ornament would nowadays venture to wear it. The display would be insolent in the wealthiest millionaire, undignified in the oldest noble, bad taste in the loftiest potentate. The Esterhazy could wear it, but only because he was the Esterhazy and history war-

ranted him in walking about with a jeweller's shop upon his gala suit. A buyer might give the aigrette to his wife, but even the Princess of Wales, or Empress of the French, or Queen of Spain would look overweighted by such an ornament, would feel that she had committed the cardinal solecism in dress—that of distracting attention from the wearer to her apparel. The sword may be sold easily, though it is only the taste of the Second Empire to which it will seem admirable, true luxury suggesting that it is not the scabbard, but the blade, which should be priceless. There are blades to be procured in the East which will gratify a respectable taste for expense, and a single stone in the hilt has always been held allowable,—if worth a king's ransom so much the better. Scabbards should be plain, but still there are occasions, coronations and other ceremonials, when great nobles are expected to be themselves pageants, and for such this scabbard, as symbolizing power hidden in splendour, is sufficiently well fitted. But the jacket! They are uniform jackets for dress and undress, of purple velvet, embroidered in patterns a foot broad, with countless pearls—the "peck of pearls" is a joke suggested by the alliteration—and on the back of any human being but the Esterhazy would suggest nothing but ridiculous vanity. The designs are pretty good, though not better than those which Affghan tailors embroider on camel's hair robes, and the manipulation wonderful; but the pearls themselves seem very unequal in quality, a large number being misshapen uglinesses. There is always one grand objection to a pearl—that corn on an oyster's toe, that it is the only gem which is inferior in every artistic quality to the imitation. Human skill can never imitate the diamond, though it may one day create diamonds, because human skill can never make a material with so high a refractive and so low a dispersive power. But Roman jewellers can make pearls with every apparent quality of the original, and much better shaped. There is no glory of colour, or unique brightness, or visible durability in a pearl, and one has to think of price before one feels the dull sense of lavish magnificence which alone these Esterhazy jackets can produce.

Apart from price, these pearl-bestrewn jackets are slightly contemptible, and we are glad to hear they will be broken up; but it is curious to speculate whether, if they could be kept, say for a couple of hundred years, they would find a purchaser

who could wear them. Is there any chance of such a change in Western civilization as would enable men again to bedizen themselves in gorgeous array? The taste for it is certainly not extinct, and probably never will be. Men are just as vain as woman, and just as fond of splendour, and there are hundreds of men in London at this minute who if they could wear pearl-bespattered jackets without ridicule, would wear them, and rejoice in their liberty. Murat was of our time, and there are hundreds of Murats. The taste for plain dress is artificial, a result of culture and special circumstances; it is the taste for finery which is natural, else why do savages wear feathers, and why are the Guards fretting because somebody at the Horse Guards wants to make their uniform more economical? The love of personal splendour is a permanent instinct, and so is the desire for ostentation, and nothing gratifies both so completely and so immediately as dress of excessive brilliancy and costliness. At present display of this kind is voted vulgar by the men of the West, for two reasons. An aristocracy still leads society, and an aristocracy knows by instinct that it must rely on incommunicable qualities like birth and, to some extent, manner, and not on a display in which it runs the risk of being defeated by every upstart who accumulates cash. Moreover, the very wealthy feel by a sort of instinct that personal display offends the masses who cannot indulge in it, and the masses have grown strong. But neither of these causes may operate for ever. Already in two wealthy countries an aristocracy has ceased to lead, and we perceive a tendency both in France and America to a revival of personal magnificence. There is the spirit of an older world in a good many of the acts recorded of Mr. Jerome, of New York, and several of the French millionaires. No man dresses himself in bank notes yet, but many men dress their wives. "Anybody," said a millionaire's wife the other day, "can have splendid dresses, but only we can have diamonds like these!" An instinct of humanity forbids men from being annoyed with female magnificence, and the annoyance of poorer women does not count in politics, is only perhaps just a very little titillating. The spirit which makes a French "share-jobber" exult in seeing his wife with a stomacher costing 50,000*l.* may yet, if the pressure of opinion relaxes, spread to men, particularly to men who feel that they can do the theatrical safely—that is, all Frenchmen, most Italians, all Magyars, many Russians, and a very great number of

Americans. Englishmen know they cannot, and a secret consciousness of the fact is one great buttress of the existing uniformity. If, as is quite possible, the rich have soon to stand aside from the battle of life, and renounce politics, there will be a great desire to avenge themselves on the world by proving a superiority of some kind. In the abler sort the feeling will display itself in over-refinement of culture and fastidiousness, in the sort of Medicean life, half artistic, half intellectual, both halves just tinged with a graceful or ungraceful voluptuousness. Lives of that sort are led now by men to whom earth has nothing to offer except the chance of governing it, which they have renounced or been deprived of. Beekford led it at Cimbra and dreamed it in Vathek. The feeblers sort are just as likely to go in for personal splendour as for anything else, and, indeed, do it now, though opinion compels them not to make lavishness too visible. It may be that Sybaritism will remain simple on this single point, luxury having usually an instinct of seclusion but the direct pressure from below removed, we do not see why it should. At this moment a millionaire cannot in Paris walk the Boulevards in a jewelled collar, but he can attend a masked ball at the Tuileries in one, and he does whenever he gets a chance. Suppose, what is quite likely, that in the stage of semi-culture on which the masses of Western men are just entering there should be a phase of admiration for mere splendour, a liking for a man because he is splendidly dressed, instead of a disliking. The Irish have it now, and so have all Asiatics. It is quite conceivable that such a feeling might flower out, as its kindred feeling, the enjoyment of pageantry, has often done; and if it does, we shall see millionaires dressing like Oriental Princes, and the Esterhazy jacket considered a poor affair. Somebody may produce a white velvet jacket spattered with flowers, leaves of emerald, roses of ruby, and crocuses of topaz—who knows? It is not likely, but it is possible. Or suppose the spirit of individualism to win the game, and everybody to be honestly allowed to do as he likes, subject to the laws. A genuine respect for idiosyncrasies, such as we have always thought Greeks must have felt, is by no means an improbable development among mankind, particularly in America, where upon certain points it exists now. Suppose one's dress as free as one's faith, and that the only remark likely to be made upon Smith walking about in a diamond cap was, "What a fancy Smith has got for diamonds!" should we not see



many Smiths diamonded? If everybody were permitted to live his own life frankly, instead of living somebody else's, as we most of us do, a certain number would dress magnificently; and permission to live one's own life may, after a century or two of progress, be accorded. It is not, indeed very likely. We agree with Mr. Mill that the tendency is the other way, towards the stereotyping of life, and suspect that our children will be very much in the position of men living in houses like glass prisms, with a pair of eyes staring down through every facet. But that cannot last, and in the recoil we should not wonder if the love of personal display, which is just as instinctive in man as in the peacock who hides himself when his tail is moulting, or the bull who dies of vexation because a ribbon is taken off his neck, should once more burst forth. Wise men might regret, but why are the wise to dictate to the fools in raiment, any more than in beliefs?

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THE PARTING-POINT.

"Do you say, 'Venture not? If you leave me, you are lost?' . . . 'O public road!' I say back, 'I am not afraid to leave you — yet I love you.'" — WALT WHITMAN.

## 1.

Thus far, then, side by side,  
The self-same path we've plied —  
Our hope, our prospect and horizon one —  
Now this new path I choose;  
Yet blame not, nor accuse,  
But, parting, bid me in God's name go on.

## 2.

For still by day or night,  
Through travail and delight,  
With men, or talking with the earth and sea,  
I find no written rule,  
No form of creed or school,  
But something that beats here is more to me.

## 3.

'Tis bitter thus to part;  
But Falsehood to the heart  
Shoots bitter arrows barbed with self-disdain;  
The beaten ways are sweet,  
Worn with a thousand feet —  
Not with old foot-prints must my path be plain.

## 4.

Think not the eternal Good  
Is measured by Man's rood,  
His thoughts scanned, as the stars are, one by one —  
No prophet, saint, or sage  
Shall sum up Truth, or gauge  
God's purpose ripening as the ages run.

## 5.

In crocus and in rose,  
Though the same sunshine glows,  
One flower waves crimson, and one trembles  
gold —  
Dost thou alone claim sight?  
Is love less free than light,  
Love's rays in human hearts less manifold?

## 6.

Nay, yet, thro' scorn and hate,  
We hail but one thing great,  
One power the universal heart approves.  
With Love's free sandals shod,  
Man's feet may find out God,  
Far from the world's great ways and echoing  
grooves.  
— Spectator.

J. R.

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THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Our readers will be rather startled to learn that a new edition of Winkelmann's '*Allegory of Art*,' which was published in 1766, is about to appear, prepared by the author himself. The fact is that his own large paper copy, covered with a vast number of corrections, additions, &c., on almost every page, was discovered some time ago in the Albany Library, of which he was keeper. He was, as will be remembered, murdered at Trieste, on his way back to Germany, far the sake of some antique gold coins he happened to have with him. His death prevented his carrying this carefully prepared new edition through the press, and its very existence was unknown. The new editor, Dr. Cressel, of Leipsic, intends to add several hitherto unprinted and partly unknown letters by the great archaeologist, and an Italian one to Mengs, in Madrid, including several particulars (wanting in Rosetti) regarding his last moments, which were obtained from an eyewitness, and were lately found among the papers of the Avvocato Carlo Fea."